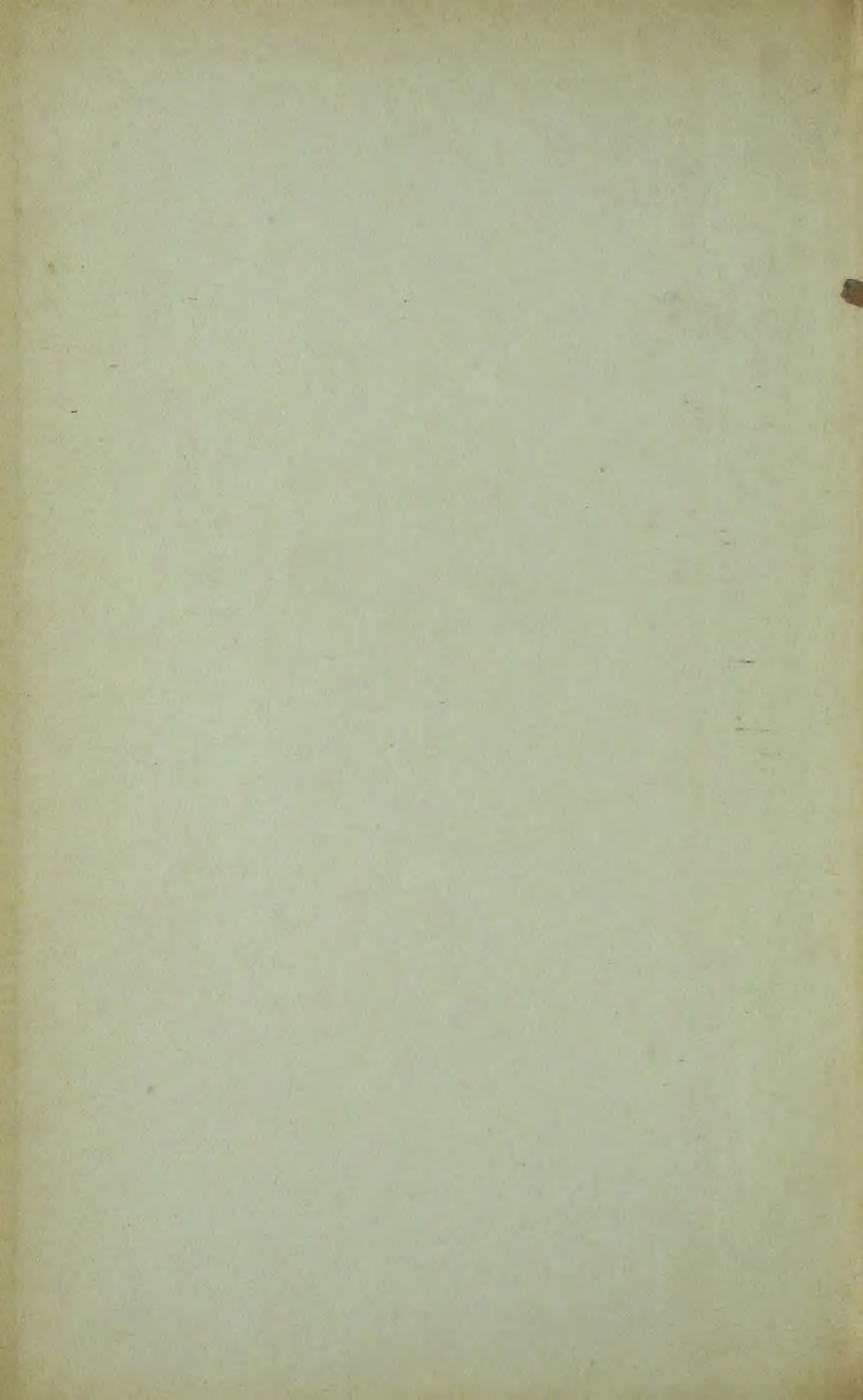


# *Redmond's Vindication*

*Rev. Robert O'Loughran*





~~415~~

€8

(B)



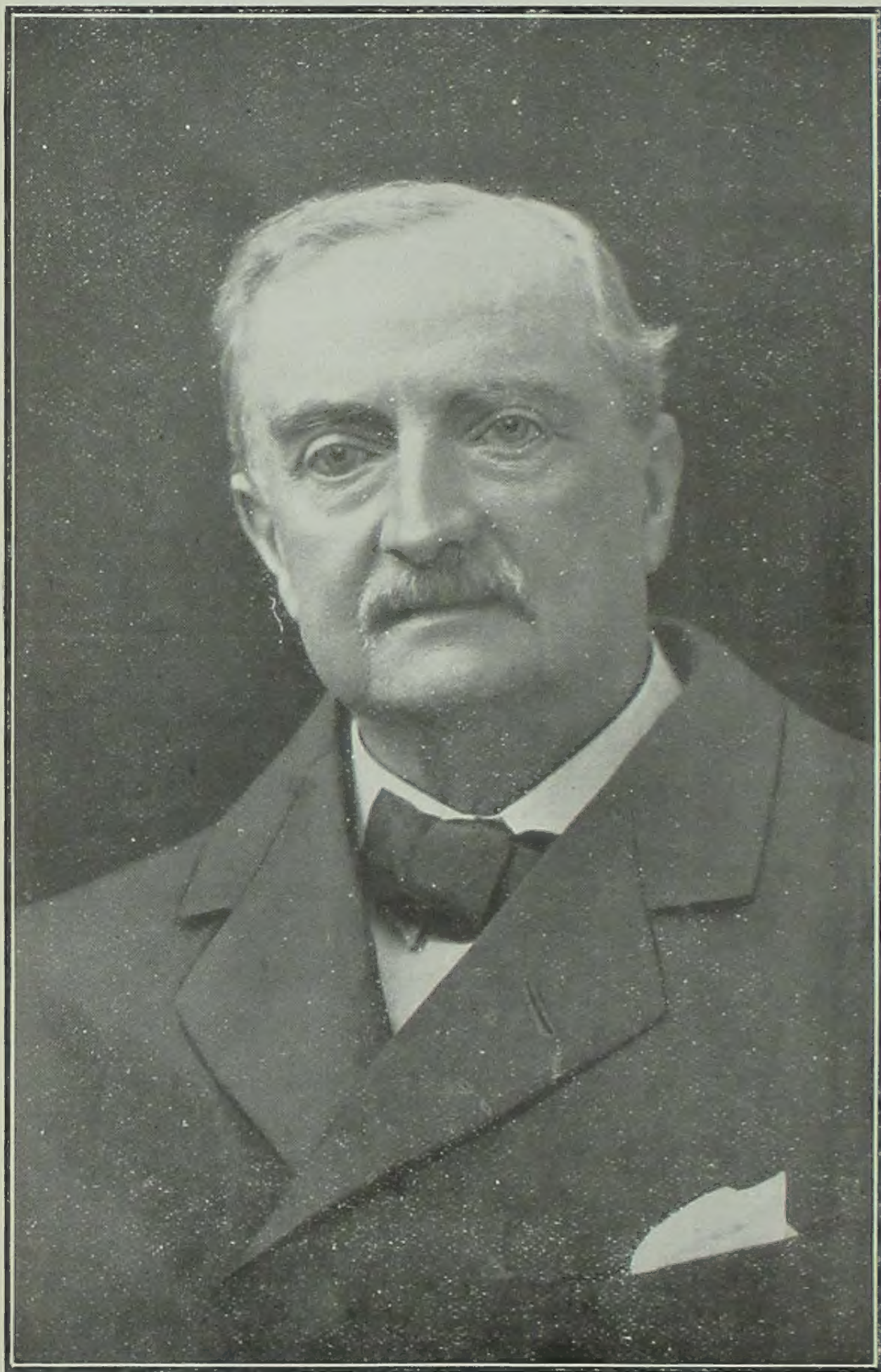


## REDMOND'S VINDICATION

*As passed by Censor*







*Photo by]*

JOHN REDMOND

*[J. Russell & Sons*



# REDMOND'S VINDICATION

BY  
REV. ROBERT O'LOUGHRAN

Author of  
"Cain's Rival," etc., etc.



Dublin  
The Talbot Press Ltd.  
89 Talbot Street

London.  
T. Fisher Unwin Ltd.  
1 Adelphi Terrace

1919

Printed by  
The Educational Company of Ireland, Limited  
at  
THE TALBOT PRESS  
89 Talbot St., Dublin



## DEDICATED TO MRS. JOHN REDMOND

---

WHOSE devotedness to her husband was the ruling passion of her life. Slightly altering an "unknown" writer's words, the dead Leader, often uttered these simple expressions of loyalty :—

Q "In this one life that we have to live we will share all things temporal and spiritual. Your joys shall be my joys, your sorrows shall be my sorrows. In absence you shall be Near. You shall never be so far from me but I can hear your voice in the twilight. Though land and sea divide us, you shall yet walk by my side and kneel with me in prayer. In affliction I shall rejoice in your sympathy. Your letters shall make me strong and glad. The world may regard me as cold as a Saxon or as polished as an Italian, but with you I need not be too greatly reserved. To you I may speak the deepest thoughts of my heart. With you only I laugh. With you only may I shed tears, lamenting man's ingratitude to man."





# CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
	FOREWORD	... xi
I.	THE WAR AND PRUSSIA	... 1
II.	REDMOND	... 19
III.	"IRELAND AGAIN"	... 42
IV.	AMERICA AND IRELAND	... 79
V.	THE ALLIES	... 117
VI.	RUSSIA	... 143
VII.	THE LEADER'S FATE	... 169





70 Elm Park Road,

Chelsea, S.W.,

April 18th, 1918.

*My Dear Father O'Loughran,*

*I could not say all I should like to say on the subject of Mr. Redmond's career, and I do not care to say less. Unless I can let myself 'Go' I am no use, and my few words would be unimpressive and unworthy of your subject. It needs no introduction from anyone. I do not like "Forewords." I am sure from your skill in writing that your book on 'Redmond's Vindication' will be a good one, and I am looking forward to its appearance with pleasurable anticipation.*

*Yours very sincerely,*

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.





## FOREWORD.

HISTORIANS, politicians and others necessarily make a study of the ways and doings of other nations, but vast international changes such as those now in process bestir the average man, the general reader, and cause him to follow in their wake. As an ally in this great war of Democracy Mr. Redmond becomes a subject of great interest. Ireland's institutions and traditions, her policies and prejudices, must all be understood, to appreciate the Allies' indebtedness to the late Irish Leader. No one ever says better things about women than Gilbert Chesterton. And certainly "Allied" historians will vie with one another in penning graceful tributes about that man who in the face of insurmountable difficulties and ignorant prejudices, secured battalions of Irishmen to fight Liberty's battle in France and Gallipoli. Ability is often the mark of a whole family, but genius usually flames up only in the individual. Some people know nothing of Ireland's history. I remember once hearing of an Englishman who dined in Dublin. The company (Irish) were speaking of Columba. "Oh yes," says the Englishman, "they call him Colum-

banus on the Continent." The average Celt's knowledge of Mr. Redmond's difficulties goes just about so far.

In the modern world nations have tried to think of their nationality as the chief treasure to be guarded; and the Celt has fallen into that error too. There is a tendency not only to overrate our national characteristics, but to place ourselves outside Europe. We try to believe that the world has inherited everything from us. Beside us, we argue the Latin peoples are decadent and the Saxons dull. The whole tendency is to become provincial in our national outlook. Germany ought to cure us of that folly.

This great war should make us not only more Irish, but also more European. The Celt, whether in France, Cornwall, Scotland, or Wales, is fighting for Europe against a people who have fallen into our provincial error far more resolutely than we ever fell into it. For the Germans, because of their struggle to protect Germany against Napoleon, are filled with such an overwhelming sense of their own nationality that they have lost the sense of Europe. It is no thanks to England that Ireland still possesses her Europeanism. For hundreds of years Germans have thought and dreamt about Germany rather than Europe. Ever since John Redmond delivered his memorable war speech in August, 1914, England has done her best to ostracise Ireland in this great world-war. This she has endeavoured to accomplish by her stupid Irish

policy—which eventually broke John Redmond's heart. But Ireland, in spite of England's stupidity, is like the Celt in other climes, arrayed against Teutonism. Germany hates the Celt as much as the Saxon, and the sane Irishman knows it. The Prussian has exaggerated everything German. "Everything which exists is good," was an old mediæval philosophic maxim. In Prussia it reads "Everything German is good." And the Prussian has appealed to other races to forget Europe and its civilisation for Germany and its culture. In all their political thought there is no more Europe but only a conflict between Germans and Slavs or Germans and Saxons, in which Germany stands for the future of the world. Imperial Rome in ages past invaded and subjugated England. Her imperial sword flashed over the whole world, but Rome never ventured the subjugation of the Irish. And the Celt is no more resigned to Teuton tyranny of to-day than he was in ages past to the Imperialism of Rome.

Had England granted Ireland colonial freedom on entering this war, John Redmond might be yet alive, ruling Ireland as her first Premier.

Nine hundred years before Christ the Irish had a wise system of laws and a parliament of one thousand members which assembled at Tara and framed a written constitution which for more than two thousand years was received as a guide by subsequent kings and jurists. What Ireland did in her Pagan days she



certainly ought to accomplish in her Christian days. Nations, like individuals, when once fallen, are soon forgotten. Ireland has not fallen. Her lamp of Celtic nationality burns as luminously as ever. There are some Catholics in England who have no use for Irish politicians except on election day when they want their votes for themselves. Ireland has survived these types. Poland's sword was sheathed in the shroud of Koscuisko, and Scotland's nationality was buried in the field of Culloden. But, paradoxical as it may seem, Ireland conquered because her people were disunited. She has proven that her nationality still lives by seven centuries of deathless protest, of sacrifices numberless and untold, of sufferings horrible and unspeakable, of patriotic deeds and achievements. Never while an Irish heart is warm with the blood of life, or an Irish arm can draw the sword, will that battle be surrendered. Carlyle in his essay on Mirabeau says:—"Thus perished the last of the Gracchi at the hands of the Patricians; but being struck with the fatal stab he flung dust towards heaven, and from that dust arose Marius; Marius not more illustrious for overcoming the Cunnabians, than for overturning in Rome the power of the Noblesse." So cruel and exterminating was Elizabeth's Irish campaign, that Froude, one of the greatest falsifiers of Irish history, says that:—"The lowing of a cow or the sound of a ploughboy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel." To-day the

dust of Irish heroes like Willie Redmond has given birth to a new Ireland which England can never conquer. Outside the United States, the British Empire, and France, boxing is practically unknown. Outside Ireland the spirit of Nationality is nowhere so keen. Hugh O'Neill, the great Earl of Tyrone, defeated Bagnal at the Blackwater, and Ireland's Labour Day of this year was tantamount to England's defeat in Ireland of to-day.

*For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.*

Ireland is not going to make peace now by compromising her historic claims, and in that all are resolved. Politics are being swept aside and the Celt at home has settled down to the business of making war. After all, making war against a common enemy is much more sensible than sneering at our fellow-countrymen. The gloomy genius of Swift and his fierce indignation at the barbarities of England's misrule in Ireland made him utter this modest proposal—that, as the landlords had already devoured the substance of the people, they had the best right to devour the flesh of their children. Ireland to-day attributes this world war both to Teuton militarism and Saxon weakness. She charges all parties with violations of the law of nations. Charles Lucas, who

founded the *Freeman's Journal* in 1763, was the first Irishman, in the words of the younger Grattan, "who, after Swift, dared to write Freedom." All Irishmen dare to demand it to-day. Grattan had at his back 80,000 Volunteers when, in 1780, he demanded the absolute legislative independence of the Irish Parliament—

*"When Grattan rose, none dared oppose the claims  
he made for Freedom;  
They knew our swords, to back his words, were  
ready, did he need them."*

When John Redmond offered the hand of friendship to England in August, 1914, he had at his back four times the number of young men that Grattan had. England missed her supreme chance of settling the Irish Question then. Ireland had forgiven but England had not. She is doing penance now. "The end of the war is already in sight, no matter what action may be taken in Ireland," said an Englishman recently. All I can say is, he must have had a powerful telescope. It would be ended long ago had England helped Mr. Redmond and not embarrassed him. When the war began Ireland forgot seven centuries of horrible torturings, and butcherings perpetrated by the English soldiers in Ireland. She forgot about the three hundred and fifty insurgents once butchered in Kildare as readily as she forgot



the atrocities of the Scottish Borderers in Dublin in the early part of 1914. "If a person does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A person should keep his friendship in constant repair," says Johnson. Ireland now flatly refuses to repair her friendship with England till the predominant partner treats her not as a servile State but as a free colony.

*Where Frank and Tuscan can spend their sweat  
The goodly crop is theirs.  
Where Norway's toil makes rich the soil  
She eats the fruit she rears;  
O'er Maine's green sward, there rules no lord,  
Except the Lord on high;  
But we are serfs in our own land;  
Proud masters, tell us why.*

*It stirs me still, that solemn sight  
Of the proud old land made free,  
Her flag afloat from the castles tall  
And her ships on the circling sea,  
And the joyful voice, like the roll of drums,  
Of the nation's jubilee.*

Had England trusted John Redmond as Ireland did since Parnell's death, there would be no need of vindicating him before his countrymen. England even since August, 1914, has tried to make the gulf

between the late Irish Leader and the Young Irelanders wider. Germany has tried it too. In this respect autocrats in Berlin and London have much in common. Naturally men in high positions have numberless affairs that take time, speeches that must be made, an immensity of official occupations. In the midst of these various calls John Redmond found no time to defend himself against the hypocrisy of the British Government on the one hand and the ingratitude of some of his countrymen on the other. Had he time he would not have written his own vindication. He was too kind, too noble and gentlemanly, to defend himself. "It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place, as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend," says Ruskin. John Redmond had nothing but kindness for friends and enemies alike. Charles Kingsley's lines best express the late Irish Leader's *modus vivendi*—

*"Friends in this world of hurry  
And work, and sudden end,  
If a thought comes quick of doing,  
A kindness to a friend,  
Do it that very moment;  
Don't put it off—don't wait!  
What's the use of doing a kindness  
If you do it a day too late."*

The Irish exiles have carried their vengeance and their glory to foreign fields. John Redmond spent his life trying to unite Celt and Saxon. It was no easy task. For misrule and anti-democratic policy has made the grass grow on the quays of Limerick and causes the lordly Shannon to roll down to the sea, bearing on her majestic bosom no mark of national greatness and no emblem of a nation's pride. Providence has done His part for Ireland but England has neglected hers. Ireland, walled in by the sea, is destined to be independent and free. This is her patent from heaven. No Irish Leader since the Act of the Union brought her so near the Promised Land as John Redmond. And it is certainly not his fault, that now in Ireland rebellion appears on the back of a flying enemy and revolutionary flames on the breast-plate of a victorious warrior. English misrule in Ireland has caused both.

ROBERT O'LOUGHRAN.

*Queenstown, May 9th, 1918.*





# REDMOND'S VINDICATION

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE WAR AND PRUSSIA.

THIS war has called forth a large volume of literature, much of it ephemeral, some parts of it useful as permanent records of facts, and a few books, contributions of a distinctly high order. The majority of the critics of Treitschke, Lasson, and Bernhardi, having done their work, can scarcely escape the oblivion sure to befall these apologists of violence. Future historians will reject a large part of the volumes and pamphlets which every day brings forth as one-sided, intemperate, and untrustworthy. Sympathy for little Belgium in her hour of agony will not make them too credulous of every act of vandalism perpetuated by a one-sided press. But they are likely to receive aid and light from two or three writers whose outlook is clear and whose temperament is judicial; and among such is H. G. Wells. A scholar

who owes much and knows how much others owe to Germany, an admirer of her greatness, and convinced that the world needs her co-operation in the future, he is the last to do her injustice. No German could read the testimony given in the pages of *Mr. Britling Sees it Through* as to the achievements of the science and scholarship of his country without admitting Mr. Wells' earnest desire to be fair-minded. There is no wish to belittle, upbraid, or besmirch. He acknowledges both the patriotism and the organisation of our adversaries. To him the war is a tragedy. To many of us it is the greatest tragedy (but one) in all the recorded history of the human race, from its beginning until now. To him Germany, even now with all her misdeeds, her initial crime, and her many subsequent offences in pursuance of it, is "a nation whose citizens are puppets in the hands of a crowned fool and witless diplomatists." To the popular Saxon message of hate comes the response of one who would fain understand and, as far as possible, forgive our foes. "Are we to suffer such things until the whole fabric of our civilisation, that has been so slowly and so laboriously built up is altogether destroyed," he asks? In his desire to preserve impartiality Mr. Wells will seem to some to concede somewhat too much. He does not minimise the hard fact that before this European massacre many autocrats of London were rapidly turning British politics into a system of bitter personal feuds in which



all sense of imperial welfare was lost. For not only were Continental papers ridiculing the British law but "the Carsonite campaign was dragging these islands within a measurable distance of civil war." Even intelligent British workers were shocked at the cowardice of their Government before traitors at the Curragh who boasted that they would have no Home Rule. If British officers could scorn the laws of their constitution in Kildare, why not in Delhi? Many of these Diehards went even farther and shouted—"Better have German rule than that Ireland should have Home Rule"! The leader of the Diehards lunched with the Kaiser and as a result his followers in Ireland gave not a few rehearsals of German gun-running. One and all of these traitors to England declared in the words of Mr. Britling, "John Redmond may rule England if he likes, but Ireland never."

Is it any wonder that the British democracy sickened at this arrogant attitude of autocrats who were sworn to thwart every measure of democratic administration? They realised then, as the world does now, that Carsonism was not only leading to civil war in Ireland, but, worse still, to an European massacre. If England looked on in August, 1914, and allowed France to be crushed, Europe would have cried shame upon her, and we Celts, and Saxons too, would have cried shame upon her ourselves. As it was England chose the better part, whatever the

cost may be. Yet had England less of "the wait and see" policy her rulers would have never allowed the Ascendency Party to have played with loaded guns. Mr. Wells does not obscure the seriousness of Carsonism when he asks :—"Why should Ulster create an impossible position?" We have read and heard much of Roger Casement's mission to Germany. Have not many a demented Carsonite played at treason before? Conscious of the weakness of their case, apologists of British autocracy prefer to forget what happened before 1914. A plain present issue is obscured by darkening the history (or forgetting it) of their past relations with Germany. "We were unprepared" is no argument in the light of logic! For the armament of Germany, the hostility of Germany, the world-wide clash of British and German interests have been facts in the consciousness of Englishmen for fully half a century. A whole generation had been brought up with the idea, "to strive hard for the world conquest by Prussia." But, as Mr. Wells says :—"A threat that goes on for too long ceases to have the effect of a threat."

Germany believed there was a strong conspiracy against her among the Allies. Her writers termed Sir Edward Grey "an astuter Machiavelli." They even believed that Edward the Peacemaker was engaged in a deep political game. Yet, England's modern friendship with France was not exclusive. What British policy really aimed at was the peace of

the world, or peace all round. And Germany has yet to explain why she pushed England to the extremity of declaring war. In a moment it seemed that the Germany of Bach and Beethoven, the Germany of Lessing and Goethe, the Germany of Helmholtz and Virchow, the Germany of Ranke and Kettler, the Germany of many a book that stands upon our shelves, had gone mad. And why? It certainly was not because of the Sarajevo murders. These murders never decided Germany to wage this bloody war. True, the danger of a social revolution in Russia was imminent. Then, France was not only unprepared, but the mind of that people was fixed as keenly on the Cailleux trial as was the mind of the English on the Crippen trial of some years ago. Nevertheless, it was the mischief-makers of Ireland who set the final confirmatory upon the European war. This is ex-Ambassador Gerard's opinion too! Germany really believed that England would be so engaged with civil war in Ireland that France would undoubtedly go under. Can it be wondered that the military caste in Prussia believed that the moment for the triumphant assertion of Prussian predominance in the world had come? It was now or never with Prussia! And so, as Mr. Wells rightly remarks, "Dublin with bayonet charges and bullets thrust Serbia into a corner on Monday, July 27th, 1914." At least a few obstinate, autocratic and Teuton people in influential positions in England pushed things to



this outrageous point. The world was in a blaze, and that blaze was not started by Teuton or Austrian, not by Kaiser or Czar, not by Turk or Bulgar, but by Carson. England then discovered that her real enemy was not in Berlin, but in the Northern Athens of Ireland. She realised that Prussia's violation of Belgian neutrality was but the logical consequence of the insubordination of English officers at the Curragh.

Stating the importance of the stupid British administration of Ireland in pre-war days, does not hide the obvious fact that this war is one largely of ideals. The German University system produced an "efficient" student. The graduate was able to apply his abilities to the problems of life, and to do modern work by modern methods. The English University system endeavoured to produce a "cultured gentleman." The Saxon thought as much of character as the Teuton did of utility. The Englishman wished to be a man among his fellows. The German desired to be an efficient part of an efficient organisation. And so the war is a contest between these two types. Educationalists feel that the virtues of both ought to be cojoined instead of separated. The English type without efficiency is as unintelligent as the German type without courtesy.

No student of history believes that this is purely a commercial war. Little wars may be waged for commercial reasons, but not great ones. Underlying every great war there is a basic principle. France

fought for her existence in '70 to establish the principles of civil liberty. North and South America fought to establish the principle of Unity. Other wars have established the principle of nationality. I believe that this great war will not only insist on the democratic principle of 'self-determination' for all nations, but it will also teach all peoples that character and performance must go hand in hand. Any future attempt of nations to separate brains and character will meet with universal derision.

As a nation the Germans have fallen into bad habits of thought, the development of their Empire has marched too swiftly on the lines of efficiency. After all to succour a weaker brother, or protect a fallen woman, or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth. Personal invocations of the Deity by the crowned head of Germany are no assurance of his Empire's sanity, or deep religious convictions. It is Hall Caine who writes that "a jackdaw isn't to be called a religious bird because it keeps on cawing on the steeple." Yet it is part of the perversity of circumstances that while an incident of the greatest gravity is occurring, its ridiculous counterpart is usually taking place by the side of it. When people jibe and ask—"Is not Germany more Catholic than England?" "Do you think her soldiers would have committed those woeful atrocities which we read of?" I simply let

Belgium speak for herself. Let Prussia be ruled by Catholics or Lutherians, Cardinal Mercier accuses one and all in this excerpt from his open letter. It reads : " The Catholics from over the frontier, who found no word of disapproval for the slaughter perpetrated by the Germans when they invaded Belgium, shot down our priests, and set fire to our open towns, these same Catholics who represented the criminals as innocent, and for three years have watched with folded arms the torture of a formerly friendly people are now singing songs of praise about Christian brotherhood, peace, and forgetting the past. Our duty however is to press for the restoration of violated right, the punishment of the guilty, and devising of means to render the repetition of such crimes impossible. The hour for showing compassion cannot strike before the wrong is confessed, contrition is expressed, the penance imposed is accepted."

Belgium's undaunted prelate does, indeed, use great plainness of speech in describing the original crime against his country, and the atrocities committed upon the innocent inhabitants by German soldiers, when Louvain buildings were gutted. For this vandalism the Teuton must yet pay. Even Thomas of Aquin, the Prince of Scholastics, proves that " the will to avenge evil, having respect to order and justice is a virtuous action." It is a righteous anger against iniquity which still blazes in the hearts of all Belgians. Even at the gloomiest epochs of this war,



the true lover of liberty was asking that oft-repeated question of the English poet—"Will not God do right?"

Journalists may be charged with exaggerating Belgian atrocities, but the evidence given at the trial of Dr. Ivers, one of the chief agents of Belgian terrorizing, clinches Cardinal Mercier's long list of atrocities. This Dr. Ivers was condemned at Berlin for having extorted from the mother of a soldier £6000 under threats. The trial reveals him to be "a chronic drunkard and morphine fiend." Now, this worthy was especially appointed to direct the inquiries on which the German White Book was based. He presided at the commission that inquired into the horrors of Louvain. It was, I admit, as ridiculous as if Paul were to ask Judas for a blessing. Yet it is a fact! Not only that, but he presided at innumerable courts-martial in Belgium. It was on his evidence that hundreds of Belgians were shot. As far as one can sift from accredited data, he appears to have been one of those characterless beings who are only happy when they have merged their individuality in another's and joined their fate to his. His Imperial Master talked blasphemously of his ally God whilst his worthy agent in Belgium, the Pilate of the twentieth century, was thus described by the German judge who sentenced him:—"He trampled under the foot of lust of lucre the sacred functions with which he was invested. He acted in a way which,

thank God, this tribunal has rarely seen exemplified. He abused in outrageous fashion the affection of a mother and the holy sentiments of religion."

Like Pilate, this Belgian agent of the Kaiser administered the law with lawless barbarity. Yet, like his monarch he called himself a follower of the One who forgave the woman and shamed hypocrites. But why single out Ivers for condemnation? He was just one of that class of people who think that when Christ left the world He had nothing more to do with it. He boasted as one of those wretched modern Pharisees boasts—that in Germany the Church was the pillar of the State. Alas, from proving that theory, this worthy, as the cynic said, demonstrated that the Church was not the pillar but the caterpillar of the State. If mankind as a unit is making ready to enlist under the banner of the "Kaiser's" God, then this portent of the times is no indication of an advance towards either truth or chivalry. All Christians, irrespective of creeds or classes, have looked to Christianity as a refuge from the dangers of the age and the German Church would have been a refugium had it been built on the tenets of primitive Christianity. But, it is not! It is more diplomatic than apostolic; it loves a war of conquest more than the peace of Christ; it loves the throne of Cæsar more than the Throne of God; in a word, it bows down as readily to the Golden Calf as France in ages past did to the Goddess of Reason. At least "Christian"

Germans have never denounced the brutality of the Teutonic hordes in Louvain !

The reply of the Prussian caste to these Belgian atrocities is—"The world is against us, there is an international conspiracy to crush our Empire." Now, the sane individual, if he finds people dislike him because of his suspicions and exorbitant claims, suppresses his suspicions and abates his claims, but the Germans have encouraged each other to increase both until they have come to believe that Germany against the world is an inevitable conflict, an Armageddon ordained by God that His will may prevail through a German victory. So the nation for them is a unity which fights, as for a miser man is a being who saves. And as a miser will save without any scruple, so they will fight. "You will say I am a donkey," says the hero of a modern novel, "and so I may be, but it must be a descendant of Balaam's old friend, who knew the way he ought to go." And the modern Teuton knows the way he "must" go. They have got the mad notion that fighting is a nation's highest business; and they will prepare for war and wage it with all their individual sanity, but with a national madness which betrays itself in perverse functioning. I think the most signal example of this is their violation of Belgian neutrality. This one incident alone would force me as a Celt to take sides against the International Treaty-breaker.

Of course, on the German side all kinds of plausible



reasons are put forward showing why they should violate it, but all the time their real reason was that they knew that it was wrong. The arguments against violation were so strong that no sane nation could have resisted them. They must have known that England would not suffer violation, and that England might well make the difference between victory and defeat. They knew something about England's Treaty of Limerick, and perhaps said—England will suffer this violation. If she did Germany would still violate in the name of victory! All morality must go in war, they argued. Does not the miser reverse all morality in saving? In peace, it is an honourable thing to keep your word; in war, you are a fool if you don't break it. That is the mad Prussian philosophy which with Carsonism has drenched the world with blood. And still they follow it to this day regardless of consequences, just as the miser will die of cold rather than light a fire.

Perhaps the most glaring example of this "Devil-may-care" philosophy of Germany is seen in the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral. The magnitude of that catastrophe is such that, like too many of the fearful tragedies of this war, it will not be realised for some time. Harold Begbie says:—"If we could subtract from Europe a certain number of great writings, great paintings, and great buildings, you would not merely have lost so many treasures, like a man losing jewels or money out of his pocket; you would

have broken down the material props upon which all our civilisation reposes. And though the spiritual vigour of that civilisation might re-create other things as great at last, yet for a long time there would be a halt and a decline, and there is no guarantee that that decline might not go on for ever." As a work of art it was the world's masterpiece. Mankind claimed it too! Dr. Johnson was once asked, "What is a Jesuit?" and his reply was, "A person that is cleverer than oneself." Rheims Cathedral was the one place in France where Art and History met. To know it was to be familiar with the history of Art. Beside it Westminster, Canterbury, and Chartres, dwindled into artistic insignificance. Whilst in history, it is known as the crowning place of all kings, and the goal of the Maid of Orleans. This then was Humanity's Temple and its destruction is the unforgiven sin of the Teuton. Like the destruction of Louvain, it was perfectly useless for the conduct of the war. These are acts of lunatics and become more inexplicable according as we realise that Germany as a nation has never condemned them. Rather she has boasted of them!

What then is wrong with Germany? The answer is, the whole nation in its militarism functions perversely. This is no new discovery. Every true Celt knows it. Hatred of British misrule can never obscure that fact. John Mitchel was aware of it when he wrote:—"Prussia cannot be England's friend.

Prussia has her own aspirations and ambitions; one of these is to be a great maritime power, or rather 'the' great maritime power of Europe; and nothing in the future can be more sure than that Prussia, if successful finally in this struggle with France, will take Belgium and threaten from Antwerp the mouth of the Thames." Why this perversity? The excuse is—that wars must be, as the hypochondriac has the excuse that men fall sick and die. And as the hypochondriac believes that man's chief concern is sickness, so the Germans believed that man's chief concern even in peace is with war. The Mexican Indian's one standard of prosperity and comfort is enough to eat. But the Prussian standard of civilisation is not knowing how to save but knowing how to kill. They abase themselves before their officers, as a hypochondriac will often abase himself before his doctor. When the Prussian officer appears at the ticket office all must stand by. He is "It" in Prussia. Prussians are on the look out for threats of war as the hypochondriac is on the look out for draughts. Thus, everything which speaks to them of military conquest is admirable and desirable. Zeppelins to them are like a good glass of whiskey to the Celt. Their romantic interest in these war-like things are as unintelligible as the hypochondriac's interest in medicine bottles. To them Count Zeppelin is a doctor with a new cure; to us who have seen Zeppelin raids in London he is



the Devil Incarnate. And as the hypochondriac always despises those who do not trouble much about their health, so the Prussians despise any nation whose mind is not fixed upon war. This was true half a century ago when Mitchel, who was no lover of England, wrote:—"Everyone who has read the history of the false house of Hohenzollern, whether in the pages of their partisan or Carlyle or anywhere else, must have got an idea of the insatiable ambition and utterly desperate treachery of that royal house. No family of professional burglars—the burglar father training up the burglar son—has ever been so unrelentingly bent upon living on the plunder of others, and coming by that plunder by all possible and conceivable lies, frauds, and violence, as this brood of the Hohenzollern."

All this discipline and obedience and elaborate foresight would be admirable if the Prussians had a high and positive aim. Does Louvain show a high aim? Does Rheims bespeak of Prussian love of Art? Does the *Lusitania* outrage tell us of chivalry? Samuel waited to be called three times. He lacked Celtic impetuosity. He had "some sense" as Americans say. But no bugle need sound to call the citizens of the modern Nero's empire to battle. It is their daily slogan—"Thank God we are born to kill!" Canon Sheehan in that prophetic novel of his *The Graves of Kilmorna* makes a hero say:—"The country has become plethoric and therefore indifferent

to everything but bread and cheese." The Celt whose politics are egotistic and not altruistic is no friend of Ireland. His mind is functioning wrongly. So, too, is the mind of the modern German. He is indifferent to everything but military conquest. He has a wrong object in life; the means to him has become an end; and so it is on a larger scale with the entire German nation. And, paradoxical as it may seem, Prussia's great danger lies in her unity. Modern France had her followers of Napoleon, the Bourbons, &c. She was the very antithesis of Prussia. Ireland to-day with her Nationalists and Sinn Feiners, &c. closely resembles France in this respect. They live and thrive in disunity. But there is no one to warn Prussia that her unity may be mad. I would infinitely prefer to have rebels in a nation than a race of contemplatives. There is more danger from saying nothing at all than saying too much. Enthusiasm carried too far is lunacy. A man needs something in himself to be impatient with himself, and so does a nation! In America they get rid of their sorrow by denying it exists. For the man who insists on his sorrow, America with all its joyousness and cult of happiness is a sterile land. But, the modern Germans still cling to their "military" unity with brutal stubbornness. There is no German to tell Germany that she is making a fool of herself, to shout "that way madness lies." And, strange to say, even the so-called Catholic Centre Party is as

laudatory of the military conquest idea as the most bitter Lutheran of Berlin. In England there is more free speech in a village than there is through the length and breadth of Germany. For, according to the Teuton theory, the Universe, including the mind of man, moves at the word of command, and they are so used to obeying it that they do not ask who utters it.

A certain educator says that "he considered a well-educated man a man whose mind was not at the mercy of the last new book on any ordinary subject." But, the mind of the average man-in-the-street in Germany has been at the mercy of the Prussian machine system for well nigh three-quarters of a century, and we to-day live to see the consequences. How different is the attitude of the Celt to his political leaders! Before you can win the obedience of the Celt you must tell him something about his leaders. And this wish to know, so innate in the Celtic character, though it may make us disorderly at times, does help to keep us sane. Unity is strength, no doubt, but when the strength is the strength of madness, it is likely to break itself against a wall of facts. No sane observer of international problems to-day would offer German unity as a panacea for Irish disunity. "*Res nolunt diu mala administrari*," is an old adage, and soon the German people will rise up against the autocrats who raised paganism from the tomb. They will repudiate the war policy of Berlin. May we not hope too that sane Saxons and persecuted Celts will



cry down Carsonism just as vehemently? A new and chastened Democracy will make the world resound from pole to pole with the old Roman cry:—"We refuse to be misgoverned any longer." That day cannot come too soon to all lovers of liberty. Germany will have recovered her sanity and England her strength—they will learn from each other—one giving efficiency in exchange for character, and *vice versa*. For, it is a timid spirit of Nationality which fears to accept gifts of other lands.

## CHAPTER II.

### REDMOND.

THE best argument in favour of ultra-pacifism is the moral and political deterioration everywhere induced by war. Even when a country is honestly fighting for its freedom, the conditions imposed by war give to the reactionary elements within it a great advantage and inevitably lead for a time at least to the shrinkage of individual liberty. Look at Western Europe to-day; look at those great exponents of Democracy—France and England—and ask yourself what are they fighting for? Do you know? Does anyone know? Why are we spending our substance to keep on this war? At first sight it would seem that all the gains made by the people since the French Revolution have been wiped out: the popular organisation for the defence of the welfare and liberty of the people have been destroyed; freedom of speech has vanished; and the servile state, about which Mr. Belloc writes so clearly, which is bureaucratic feudalism, has been set up. And the ultra-pacifist insists that it is this rich and powerful capitalistic clique which has used the kindly and much-revered John Redmond as a tool to

push Ireland into this ghastly fray. But the late Irish Leader was no ultra-pacifist and no true Celt is in this great war for civilisation.

Now, the first difficulty in dealing with a question like Mr. Redmond's place in not merely Irish but international politics is to know where to begin, and the second to know where to leave off. The difficulty in selecting material is extremely great, not on account of the lack of information, regarding Mr. Redmond's life, but on account of the want of good faith displayed by the writers who pose as first class historical evidence. No good history of modern Ireland has yet been written, because the enemies of the Irish Parliamentary Party cannot and its friends will not tell the truth. When public opinion becomes strong enough in Ireland to enable the people to endure calm criticism there will be a chance of seeing a good historian arise in our midst who will vindicate the name of John Redmond before the world. But, the dispassionate frame of mind necessary for such a work is not appreciated to-day, when sectarian animosity (in Ireland) is as bitter as ever, and political rancour shows no sign of abatement. Vituperation or extravagant praise has been all that John Redmond's ears have lately been accustomed to and England's phrase, "the Irish Imperialist" is as false and as harmful as the terms "traitor" and "enemy" which to-day are the only designations for Ireland's greatest



modern patriot in the mouths of many Young Irishers.

All modern history starts from the French Revolution, that great social and political upheaval which terrified the world of the eighteenth century as the present gigantic struggle terrifies the world of our day. All our democratic movements for social or political reform are in a great measure due to that event. Of course, being a Celt, I might have begun with the Flood like most of the old Irish annalists, and have chronicled the fact that many Irish families had barges of their own at the time of the Deluge, and have claimed acquaintance with some of the heroes of old who were personally known to Noah, but such a course would seem too fantastic even for a poetical effusion, and would not appeal to the prosaic minds of this unimaginative age. Nevertheless, to appreciate the work of the late Irish Leader, it is necessary to peep into a little past Irish history. In 1798 there was a rebellion in Ireland which to-day is looked on by most Englishmen as a glorified riot, a faction fight on a large and generous scale. These critics of Ireland share the views of a hero in the *Graves of Kilmorna*—"that the Irish revolutionary forces are no more fit to take the field against England than a lot of Down South Niggers who never handled any weapon but a hoe."

But the '98 Rebellion was no faction fight! I don't intend to give the details of that insurrection. You

can form a fair estimate of its importance when you are told that at the Battle of Vinegar Hill, General Lake, the English commander, thought it necessary to have a force of 20,000 horse, foot and artillery. This is not a colossal array according to modern reckoning, but we have it on the authority of Lord Acton that in the whole course of history an English army of 50,000 men has never been seen in the field. Of course, the present European conflict is a very noticeable exception. Yet General Lake's view of the case discredits the idea that the rebellion was a contemptible affair. That rebellion was put down. Pitt had certainly fomented it to get Ireland under his heel, much as the Russians engineered the Polish revolt of 1863 with similar intentions. The rebellion proved to the English that Ireland should not have a Parliament of her own and Pitt brought the Union of 1801. Every student knows that an independent Parliament existed in Ireland from 1782 to 1800, and that during these eighteen years it did great and lasting good to Ireland, that it fostered good feeling among all right-minded men, encouraged landowners to reside on their properties, was dealing with all important questions on religious toleration, gave opportunities to Irishmen of feeling that they had a common bond of nationality and a common interest in solving national problems, and bade fair to be an effective instrument for the expression of national sentiments. This independence Pitt sought to destroy

and succeeded in his attempt. The manœuvres by which he overcame the strenuous opposition which the proposal to surrender their legislative independence aroused in the members of the Irish House, cost the English Exchequer £1,500,000, titles, posts, sums of money, judgeships, commissionerships, peerages were thrown about broadcast, and every man who wanted to sell his political principles found a ready market. A few proved incorruptible, but very few, and the methods by which the Union was passed, methods so flagrant that no one has ever tried to deny them or offer any excuse for them, are a standing memorial of the most sordid chapter of English misrule in Ireland. To their everlasting discredit, the Catholic Bishops were in favour of the Union and expressed their sentiments in a fawning address to the Viceroy. Whether they had a horror of representative government in Ireland, or were misled by the specious promises of the promoters of the Union is hard to decide, but they knew anyway that they had the Catholic laity of Ireland against them as truly as they had similar opposition in the recent vexed problem of compulsory Irish in the new National University. A critic has said that "bishops as a rule are unsafe custodians of popular rights."

From the Union to 1829 the Catholics were struggling for Catholic Emancipation. The movement was successful from 1829 to 1843. O'Connell led the Repeal Movement. That was a failure. In the



period between 1843 and 1880 the chief features are the education question, the growth of the Nationalist Party, and the increasing urgency of the land reform. From 1880 to the present day there are five noteworthy points : the question of higher education, the work of a purely Nationalist Party at Westminster, the settlement of the land question, the extension of local government, and the development of Sinn Fein. Let us review the Land question first. The Land question is the most involved and would of itself form material for a dozen books. Ireland is by nature an agricultural country with a fairly fertile soil and a damp climate. The latter makes the grass greener and consumption more prevalent than in England. Many of the Irishmen's faults should be attributed to climatic influence of an adverse kind, and not, as often is the case to cantankerousness which is considered spontaneous, congenital and chronic. The Irish tenant as a rule found himself under a landlord who was an alien in sentiment, race and religion. Whether the tenant knew that his master owed his position to confiscation or not matters little. When the tiller of the soil is discontented it is on account of agreements which are very real and present to his mind, not on account of any visionary political schemes for the future or the dreamy recollection of the past. And so it was that after the Union, landlordism which had never been very beneficial, became a positive instrument of evil. The Union made England the social

centre and created the evil of absenteeism. The landlord made over his estate to an agent who took it as a growing concern, and, promoted by an unnatural commercial instinct, proved himself about as considerate as a taxgatherer of old in the Holy Land. It was against the agent that the animosity of the people was directed. It must be remembered that at this time the Irish tenant was in a position that no English or Scotch tenant would have endured for a week. He was merely a tenant at will. He held a farm subject to the will of the landlord. If he improved his land the landlord got the benefit thereof, if the tenant drained a field the agent put the rent up, if the tenant had a decent cottage with a white-washed wall, or a gate that hung on its hinges instead of having a debauched appearance, up went the rent still higher. If the tenant voted against the landlord or the landlord's nominee in those days when the voting was open, out went the tenant. Occasionally some member of the community waited behind the hedge on a dark night for the agent and off went the agent in bits. A nail rod cut up small and broken iron have been known to atomise a man if blown from a blunderbuss at short range.

The irresponsibility of the landlord led to gross acts of injustice. Lady Elizabeth Marborough offered leases to her tenants in the County Wicklow if they would embrace Protestantism. A few did, others were evicted and went to America. One unfortunate

fellow turned Protestant, got his lease and became Catholic again; he was disowned by both parties and became a raving lunatic. The Right Honourable Reginald H. Bruen evicted twenty families for opposing him at an election. The Rev. Mr. Green in the same district turned out the inhabitants of twenty or thirty cottages because he wanted to have the land a little flatter. These three incidents show what acts of petty persecution and tyranny the Irish tenant had to put up with. The Protestant farmer in the North of Ireland had the advantage of the "Ulster custom" which gave him the fixity of tenure—that the Irish Catholic tenant only got after years of outrage and agitation.

The first move was made in the direction of land reform when Judge Fletcher in the fifties told the Grand Jury of Wexford—"all government men as usual in the bad old times" uttered the reader—the trenchant phrase, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." There is no need to give in detail the phases of the movement. Outrage and assassination and intimidation were the weapons that the Popular Party used. Finally, the tenant got what he wanted—fair rent, freedom of sale, and fixity of tenure. There have been three important Land Bills in 1870, 1881, and 1903. They have improved the tenant by allowing him to be compensated for improvements. Courts have been set up to fix fair rents between landlord and tenant, and British credit has been pledged



to enable the tenant to buy out the landlord wherever the latter was willing to sell. The tenant repays the money to the Land Commission Court. In those parts of Ireland where the tenants have been able to purchase their own holdings, there is a marked absence of political strife. With a new interest in their own property has come a real incentive to work. And it cannot be denied that a great deal of prosperity has resulted therefrom.

The unfortunate thing about the land question is that land reform could not be dissociated from crime. English statesmen refused to believe that disaffection could exist under the British flag, and thought that the privilege of having the Union Jack wave over a country was a sufficient guarantee of its internal prosperity. The Land League was a great instrument by which the reform of land was gained, and it was organised by Michael Davitt. It operated after the first Land Act was passed, which didn't give enough. Its *modus operandi* was boycotting. The name arose, as the reader doubtlessly knows, in the harvest of 1880, when on the estate held by Captain Boycott in the West of Ireland 7,000 soldiers had to be employed to protect unprotected workers while gathering the harvest. The labourers refused to do any work, as a means of coercing the captain, and forcing him to lower the rent. In any case where the person was evicted for non-payment of an extortionate rent, the farm was left derelict. If anyone was courageous

enough to take it he was styled the "land grabber," and was cut off by the rest of the community. No one held any intercourse with him socially, or in the way of trade. This system of seclusive dealing was most potent in its effects, and in spite of being suppressed by the Government has been resuscitated in our own day, and goes on at present in dealing with another phase of the land question. It is a most unfortunate thing that there was nobody with sufficient power vested in him to regulate the land question once and for all by nationalising the land—placing it in the hands of the Government. If anyone had dealt with the land question as effectively as a former Czar of Russia did with the serf problem in 1863 the state of Ireland and England would have been much quieter. It was most unlucky that the solution of the problem had to be left to an English Parliament with its love of compromise—progressing along a diagonal—when there was a crying need for a reform. It is but another instance of the immediate necessity of Ireland's autonomy.

The success of violent methods in gaining land reform as they gained Catholic Emancipation is the most unfortunate event in recent Irish history. It familiarized the people with crime, made them think that taking the law into their own hands was the only way of securing redress, and is a standing memorial of the fatuous behaviour of English statesmen and electors alike. General Gordon sketched out a scheme

for buying out the landlord compulsorily in the seventies. He was laughed at as a visionary, one who might know something about China and the Soudan but could not possibly know anything about Ireland. This in spite of the fact that he lived in Kerry to find out what was wrong by personal contact with the agricultural population. General Buller when he held the post in Ireland under a Unionist Administration a few years later, had views of the same sort, and was relieved of his office for arriving at the same conclusions by similar methods. He refused to have a police escort in a civilised country, and found his confidence in the people was by no means misplaced. Curiously enough, part of their schemes was embodied in the Wyndham Act of 1903. It does not do, especially in Ireland, to be over thirty years ahead of the times.

The reader must be satisfied with this resumé of the Land question. Statesmen tinkered at the question instead of grappling with it. It is nearly solved at the present, thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Redmond and his united Party. It is strange that the two most criticised European statesmen at the present day are the two men who are jointly responsible for the quick solution of the Irish Question. I refer to the illustrious President of the United States and the late Irish Leader. Modern agricultural agitation has taken the form with which I have no sympathy whatsoever. A system has grown up of letting out land



to graziers for eleven months at a time, because subletting is forbidden for more than a year. Complaint is being made that the land is being used for stock-raising instead of tillage, and that the country is being depopulated thereby. Cattle-driving has been in consequence resorted to—forcible removal of the stock to prevent this being done. Ireland is especially fitted for grazing, and it is an unwarrantable interference with a man to dictate to him whether he is to sow corn or breed bullocks. Old land reform was based on a real series of grievances, while this cattle-driving, purely criminal, is based on the parrot cry of the "Land for the people." The amount of rain we get in Ireland renders crops precarious, but does not have the same effect on the cattle. Personally, I have no objection to seeing the country depopulated by cattle ranches, and I consider nothing more utterly stupid than encouraging people from sentimental reasons to remain on the land, say, in Connemara, where a goat would find it hard to make a living, much more a man. Emigration is the proper thing for those who are unlucky enough to be born on that arid soil, and a well-fed Irishman in America, Australia, or anywhere is a more pleasant thing to behold than a half-starved one amid the bogs and morasses, boulders and crags of the land beyond the Shannon.

To one aspect of the Land question a reference must be made, though it belongs to the religious more than the agrarian. When the Protestant Church was

established in England, the Irish farmer had to pay tithes to the parson. This flagrant abuse aroused the indignation of the tenants and in the days of William, the murdering of many tithe collectors. It had to be paid in kind—in crops or farm stock. If the tenant failed to pay, the landlord put it on the rent. It must be borne in mind that the tithe collectors suffered far more from Welsh Methodists at the same time than from Irish Catholics. So much for the Land question. To-day the Irish tenant can walk without shuddering at the thought of meeting the agent or the agent's bailiff, and the landlords—any that are left—can go about without being afraid of getting a bullet at the base of the skull. To the untiring efforts of Michael Davitt, a Constitutional Irish Party, and especially to the wise leadership of the late beloved Irish Leader, is the creation of this new Ireland due.

Turning to the question of Sinn Fein as a physical force movement, I make bold to say that no sane Irishman has ever imagined that Ireland could exist as an independent nation at any period in the last two centuries. The rebellion of 1798 was not carefully planned as a means of ridding Ireland of English control. It was more a rising of the peasantry exasperated by the repressive measures that followed on the failure of Hoche's expedition of 1796. Again the '48 movement was a farce. It was the work of the Young Ireland Party, who scouted O'Connell's constitutional methods of influencing public opinion

in England. After Catholic Emancipation the Government of the day ruined him (as it ruined Redmond in our day) by forbidding his last monster meeting which was to have been held at Clontarf in 1843. O'Connell objected to physical force, though the people would have made any sacrifice for him had he favoured it. Worn out and rejected by those whom he served, he died in Genoa. Like the great Redmond in his death agony, he was an exile. But O'Connell's memory still lives in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. Among them he is esteemed as the "Kerry Eagle" and "The Liberator." While to the malcontents of the present day, the physical force party, he is denounced and known as poor John Redmond is, as "the Great Constitutional Windbag."

Of the Fenian movement of 1867 I need say little. It was due to the action of American Republicanism on the Irish emigrants whom economic reasons had driven out of his own country—the exodus dating from 1847. The famine in that year drove out numbers of people, and the emigration which then started soon settled down to the rate of a quarter of a million every ten years. This rate continued until recently—when Irish male emigration was forbidden. Accustomed to the freedom of the States the Irish element, with that aptitude for politics that has always characterised it, turned once more towards the task of freeing Ireland from English rule, and such was the love that they conceived for the republican form of government,



that they wished to establish it at home. The Fenian movement, which in Ireland was vigorously combated by the priests, was a dead failure. The movement was mainly confined to the towns. The insurrection was to take the form of an attack upon the various police barracks through the country. The Government had kept thoroughly in touch with all the projected movements of the insurgents, and when the day for the great uprising came the police were on their guard nearly everywhere. A heavy fall of snow, heavier than had been known for years, was a natural obstacle to any movements on a large scale and the rising fizzled out. In England the Fenians made themselves noteworthy by an attack on a prison van in Manchester, which resulted in the murder of Sergeant Brett, and the hanging of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. In America itself the Fenians characterised themselves by a futile invasion of Canada, in which they found a fair number of Irishmen in the troops which opposed them. In London the blowing up of Clerkenwell Prison wall, and the destruction of the prisoners whom the bomb was intended to liberate, furnish the tragic-comic element inseparable from all mad schemes. The noteworthy thing about Fenianism is that the movement was originated by and amongst the section of the poor that had enough education to make them discontented.

We now turn from the immediate past to the present to that powerful political party which has revolu-

tionised modern Ireland. If the abolition of the Veto of the House of Lords caused a silent revolution in the constitution of England, it is not less true to say that the rebellion of 1916 in Ireland has Irishised Ireland. People have concluded after the woeful atrocities which England enacted in Dublin, that to become Anglicised is to become a first cousin to a heretic. The cynical army officer who said "Ireland resembles a temperamental wife married to an intensely respectable but unexciting husband" may wallow in this cynicism, but Sinn Fein has resolved to treat both himself and the power he represents just like Christ treated an enemy who happened to be a king—with silent contempt. Personally, though I cannot follow the entire Sinn Fein policy, I am most ready to acknowledge the fact that not only has it caused a wonderful Gaelic revival, but it has done more—it has put backbone into the Celt. England in her stupid attempt to suppress the rebellion of 1916 created not one Robert Emmet but sixteen to be forever worshipped on Ireland's altar of Liberty. And what other results have followed? Whereas at the beginning of the Great War the Irish regiments marched out to fight for England, not a corporal's guard has been recruited since the rebellion, and the depletion in the Irish ranks in France has been filled with English "rookies." But no sane Irishman believes in the Teuton. Ireland would fight as readily for France now as in former wars, but England has

hindered her. In the final reckoning Ireland will be asked by France—"How did you do so much for us when your own land groaned under the autocrat's heel?" If the autocratic Saxon who has muddled not only our problem but the war too, wishes ocular testimony to the new manly spirit of Young Ireland, he has only to recall the Sinn Fein election results in North Roscommon, South Longford, and East Clare. True, in two of these districts the results were largely won by popular personalities. The point is their victory was Young Ireland's challenge to England. Their slogan was:—"Free us. Get out of our country and stop your belated hypocrisy."

On being told that it is impossible to have an Irish Republic, the Sinn Feiners reply that such is the secret longing of every Irishman, even if he thinks it more practicable to pause on the way, as a Nationalist or Unionist. They add, that if they had not flown the Republican Flag two years ago last Easter, no one would be talking about a Republic now. The Allies champion with ardour the cause of Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Serbia, and Roumania, but we do not find them so eager to free the Finns in Finland, or the Jews in Poland, or the Irish. Kerensky, the over-exaggerated Russian Leader, said shortly after the establishment of the New Republic:—"Let us show the world that we cannot only destroy but create." And the Sinn Fein Rebellion is only one of a long series of risings that have occurred in Ireland during



the last seven centuries. But this time it has not failed, like Kerensky, "to create" an Ireland that England can never subdue. Shane Leslie expresses the nexus of Irish risings in these words:—"The insurrection of 1916 could have been deduced from the premises of 1848." It is recorded in history that Luther hated flies, "*quia sunt imagines diaboli.*" Surely, it is the ghosts of the men who have fallen under the despotic and barbarous order of the British Government, which not only haunt England to-day, but will continue to haunt her till Divine Justice is meted out to our sorely tried people. It is an undeniable fact that Sinn Fein has utterly inverted the object of Irish political thought. It is a political doctrine for the present and the future. In *The Christian* John Storn says:—"It was not only by giving votes to a nation, but by strengthening the soul of the nation, that it became great and free." Personally, I believe that England by her own stupidity has done more to revive Ireland's soul than all the teaching of our National Universities. No true Celt—although we are a warrior race—wants war. But, some things are worse than war, and one is to pay too high a price for peace. Sinn Fein "*hic at nunc*" may be anti-English, but it is dominantly and essentially pro-Irish. They will forgive and forget if England will only take the cry of Fontenoy seriously:—"Faugh a Ballaugh" once and for all! This is the attractive part of that movement founded by poets and drenched by their blood.

Padraic Pearse saw the thought of the Saxon spreading through Ireland and resolved to restore the native beauty, the ancient tongue, and intensely Celtic viewpoint of Life. His ideas were entirely pro-Irish.

Then, Sinn Fein makes a double appeal to the agrarian and manufacturing interests of Ireland. To the farmer it reveals the advantage of Irish regulated land tenure, and is able to point to the fact that since Irishmen stood up boldly to England, the country sees less demesne land. Never was the Irish farmer more prosperous. I do not claim that Sinn Fein is responsible for this. Rather do I believe that the name of Redmond will never die whilst Ireland remains an agricultural country. Again, no one can deny the strong impetus given to Irish manufactured goods by this new movement. There are three stages of specific reform—agitation, controversy, and legislation. We in Ireland have passed through the first and second and are now entering the third. To-day the cause of Ireland is no mere national issue but a world-wide problem. And, paradoxical as it may seem, England has made it so. Disraeli through all his life from the day he first brought down upon his rash head the caustic scorn of O'Connell, to the end of his glittering career, had been the enemy of the Irish cause—not from any bigotry—but because such was the policy favoured by the Tory Party. But Disraeli, Peel, and hundreds of others have gone, whilst the cause of Ireland stands before the world's

tribunal calling for justice. Not many years ago the Greeks were applauded in London when they said "We want to work out the Greek purpose among the Greeks." Ireland to-day echoes the same cry:—"We want to work out the Irish purpose among the Irish."

But the economic issue of Sinn Fein has the deepest appeal to reason. It contends that Ireland was not consulted about waging war, so she has no willingness to take part in it. She is against every attempt to get her sons into it, and refuses to bear any future burden which will be imposed upon her by England. This criticism is not purely Irish. Echoes of it have been heard in Canada and Australia too. Why has London the right to declare war without consulting Montreal and Sydney? And so the Sinn Feiners say they will resist by every means the imposition of a war debt on Ireland. What is more, I do believe that it is the fear of this after war debt which has forced many "Diehards" to accept a form of colonial self-government as soon as possible.

The weakest link of the Sinn Fein policy is its failure to appeal to the Protestants of Ireland. This militates seriously against the acceptance of its political principles. Especially, since the really sane Protestants of Ulster now are most ready to welcome a settlement along colonial lines. At least Sinn Feinism has convinced the peoples of all nations that the Belgians are no more a distinct nation than the



Irish. A fight that has gone on for seven and a half centuries between a weak country and a very strong one is assuredly a fight based on no weak or worthless principles. Ireland has never compromised her national issue. The presence of her representatives at Westminster does not militate against her case for autonomy. We may have been beaten in Wexford in '98 and in Dublin two years ago, but the *raison d'être* was not compromise. The lion inevitably crushes the mouse. Ireland claimed in the days of Henry VIII. what she claims now—her Liberty! Her sons are no prigs: they are as conscious of their vices as their virtues. But, we do not want a hostile Power to tell the world our vices and suppress our virtues. Up to recently England has held the ear of the world. She misrepresented us at all corners of the Globe. The stage Irishman was the real one, she said. In 1696 the King of England sent a commission to Ireland to examine and report. The report reads:—"There are two ways of holding Ireland in subjection. By a standing army in the hands of Englishmen; and by checking the growth of the country in trade and wealth, that it may never become dangerous to England anywhere." It is now nearly two and a quarter centuries ago since these words were written. Yet the spirit of Ireland has survived. Unlike Whig and Tory, Balfour and Maxwell, it is immortal! And to-day the English worker has discovered what Ireland knew for centuries that the English aristocrat, that idle,

profligate fellow who owns the lands, is Democracy's sworn enemy. For, Ireland's grievance has never estranged Celt and Saxon as such.

Finally the constant cry of "An Irish Republic or, nothing" has brought home to England the seriousness of our National issue. "England," said Mr. Balfour, "will never tolerate an Irish Republic." Why? Because an Irish Republic would be a constant military menace to England. At first sight there would seem but little sense in the English objection. If England rules the seas, why need she fear Ireland? Could not the Germans land on the low near east coast instead of on the far, mountainous west coast? Furthermore, the Celt and Teuton have never been friends. Certain German scholars may have espoused our language. That is no proof of a Germono-Irish Alliance. Outside Grimm's Fairy Tales and beer, I have yet to learn what the Teuton has done or will do for the land of the Celt. He has been more friendly with the Saxon than the Celt. Why cannot Ireland as a Republic remain neutral? There is the case of Switzerland in the very heart of Europe surrounded on every side by fierce and stronger nations, and yet she remains neutral! Why cannot Ireland, surrounded by the waves? Candidly, I think if the case of Ireland goes to a Peace Conference, the British Government will find it difficult to prove that England has reason on her side. Canon Sheehan says:—"It might happen, perhaps, it has happened in the course of human

history, that a conquered race has been brought by the operation of just and kindly laws to acknowledge the suzerainty of the power that subdued it." England lost her golden opportunity on the declaration of this war. She has been losing Ireland every day since. The poet speaks of the toad, "ugly and venomous," which has yet a precious jewel on its head. But it is England's fault if the Irish toad has all the venom and no jewel. England has made De Valera and all the rest of the Sinn Feiners in Ireland and elsewhere, and now she must make the best of them. She has killed Redmond, the one man who brought Ireland and England together. When she had Thomas Ashe fed like a wild beast in an Irish prison she was sowing the seeds of hate, that scares her even now in the palace of her monarch. Had the Government of England been taken from the hands of the cruel and senseless aristocracy that has misruled Ireland and England so long, the Celt and Saxon would to-day be living in perfect harmony and peace. It is a thousand pities that these aristocrats who are autocrats have not been put in jail, both in Germany and in England. Then, instead of having Europe in pieces, we would have peace in Europe. Ultra-pacifists would not then have condemned John Redmond for the political deterioration caused by the war.



## CHAPTER III.

### “IRELAND AGAIN.”

IF there was ever a period in this world's history when it was literally true to speak of the game of life as a battle, it is surely the present period. Yet the simile is an old one. For the great English novelist has given to one of his shorter stories—but most affecting—the very title of “The Battle of Life” and moralises well on the mystery of human warfare. His title is borrowed from the locality which forms the scene of his plot—an ancient battle ground in England from which the peaceful ploughshare of to-day would sometimes turn up from the sod a terrible relic of olden strife : a weapon stained with blood, a rusted sword, perhaps ; a fragment of human bone, perhaps ; even a sightless skull. There is a physician in that story who is always speaking of the old battlefield. His whole life has been dedicated to the healing of human beings and he has grown morose in his reflections on the ancient great loss of life and the frightful wounds suffered in the conflict. He is gently chided by the younger man who bids him forget old battles and to remember the broader battlefield of life—on which the

sun shines every day. At this point a lawyer reminds the young man that in this battle, too, the combatants are very eager and bitter. “ There is a great deal of cutting and slashing and firing into people’s heads from behind,” he remarks. “ There is terrible treading down and trampling on. It is rather a bad business.”

The reply made to this argument forms the real basis of the story. “ I believe,” says the younger man, “ there are quiet victories and struggles, great sacrifices and noble acts of heroism in it—not the least difficult to achieve because they have no earthly chronicle and audience—done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men’s and women’s hearts, any one of which might reconcile the sternest man to such a world and fill him with belief and hope in it, though two-fourths of the people were at war, and another fourth at law, and that’s a bold word.”

These three characters typify certain real mental attitudes. The old physician is the modern pessimist that one meets often in the Ireland of to-day. He is described as “ morose.” He always sees the rain and is asleep when the sun shines. We know it is an age of criticism. Emperors and Kings, politicians and churchmen, stand daily at the bar of public opinion. The forgetful Celt of our day who wallows in pessimism is especially critical when the name of Redmond is mentioned. He even waxes morose!

He ridicules the late Irish Leader as easily as a beggar, and all his life and past records go for nothing. When Abraham Lincoln's assassin jumped on the stage after accomplishing his bloody deed, he cried "*Sic semper tyranis.*" This is the cry of not a few unthinking Celts of our day. Mr. Redmond to them is not Ireland's chief patriot but her greatest arch-traitor. In America they burn licensed houses when they want money, but in Ireland they kill leaders when they weary of them.

Yet it seems almost impossible that another can ever yet perform such services for his country as John Redmond did for Ireland. His splendid career without spot, without blemish, without blame, will ever be a model and an inspiration to the people of Ireland. He was a Cromwell without a Cromwell's ambition, a Sulla without a Sulla's crimes, a Gracchus, a Kossuth, a Bruce, an O'Connell, without their impetuous temper, their disproportionate vision, their fierce impassioned zeal. His greatest enemy cannot withhold a fitting tribute to his immortal fame. "Redmond was a king," says the *Daily Mail*. Never was he impelled but by an upright motive, or endeavoured to obtain his end by any but a worthy means. Criticism never moved him from the path of righteousness. When critics called him "a second Clemenceau" he was as happy as when styled "the slave of the Irish Hierarchy." Someone has written "that Parnell met his death not by Brutus' dagger but by a bishop's



crozier.” No bishop ever wielded a crozier massive enough to kill Redmond. Even he survived the late Bishop O’Dwyer’s description that “ he was a mere figure-head, painted green.” For him the ideas of freedom and justice meant sacrifice and fighting. As long as civilisation and humanity cherish them his name will shine resplendent in the temple of glory.

But, the Irish pessimist of our day who dreams of Cuchulin and treats the Saxon as a late survival of the Elizabethan era, separates the manhood and policy of Parnell’s staunch friend. Frankly, he acknowledges that it would be most unjust to blame him for what he never put himself up to be. He was a fine Chairman of the Irish Party, says the critic, but he lacked that Celtic fiery spirit of Padriac Pearse. He was really a very admirable Anglo-Irish gentleman, with especial emphasis on the Anglo. His work in recent years was unquestionably hard, but why was he so conciliatory at the expense of truth? “ Ireland must be a nation and not a province,” says Judge Cohalan of New York. Did Redmond believe this? If he did, why consent to partition? It is not a question of hating the late Irish Leader but his policy. For no clever man is ever a favourite, because one-half of the world is jealous of his ability, and the other half is rabid at not being able to understand him. No one denies his past services both to Ireland and the cause of Democracy. It was since the war he went wrong, says the critic. Perhaps these words of John Boyle

O'Reilly will express my charge against Redmond, says his pessimistic critic. They read:—"England has gathered brilliant Irishmen as she would have gathered diamonds in Irish fields, and set them in her own diadem; she left no door open to them in Ireland. She threw down the schools and made the teacher a felon in the last century to insure that Irishmen should read and write English books or give up reading and writing altogether. She frowned the name of Ireland out of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, she emasculated Tom Moore, she starved out Edmund Burke till he gave her his life-long splendid services. She seduced many able Irishmen and hid them away under English titles of nobility, so that their very names were lost—forgotten as the brilliant grandson of Brinsley Sheridan is lost in Lord Dufferin, as Henry Temple was forgotten in Lord Palmerston, or as Margaret Power of Tipperary was transformed into the illustrious Countess of Blessington. This is the bitterest pang of conquest. The conqueror does not utterly destroy. He does not say to his victim, 'I will kill you and take all you have.' He says, 'You may go on living, working and producing. But, all of good and great and illustrious that you produce are mine; all of evil and passionate and futile you produce are yours.'"

In a word, argues the critic, Redmond served England so well that he lost Ireland. He became Anglicised. No one blames him for not being a

commanding figure when the war broke out. You might as well expect the French to blame Joffre for not being an author. But every Celt owes a debt to Ireland, says the critic. Redmond never paid that debt. He placed the Empire before Erin. When war was declared he should have shouted :—“ Free us and we will fight for you ; keep us in bondage and we will fight against you.”

The answer to this cheap criticism involves a declaration of Mr. Redmond's war policy. He believed that Ireland's hopes and future depended on loyalty to the Allies' cause. And that cause is no monopoly of one nation. There are some eighteen nations on the Allies' side. It is as much Italy's war as France's, and Belgium's as Serbia's, &c. England, if we speak dispassionately, has tried to save these nations. If England had not come in to save France would Italy? Does the Celt want France to be crushed beneath the Teuton's heel? Do you not agree with me that there never was a more wicked and wanton crime against civilisation, against liberty, against Democracy, against all the principles for which the Celt has been fighting for centuries than the invasion of France by Germany? Is your interest in humanity larger than Ireland? What of Alsace-Lorraine, which has been torn from France by the German? Should it be restored to France? Now, the only way to help France to free Alsace-Lorraine is to help France to win the war. Again, the Celt ought



not to be opposed to the Poles. Have we not all read in boyhood days of the Poland of the western seas? Is that not Ireland? Does the Celt want to see the Pole free? But there is no liberty for Poland if Prussia wins. You may argue that Germany is ready to free Poland. Indeed she is not. Of all the three Powers, Russia, Austria, and Germany, which have partitioned Poland, Russia has been the worst, but Germany came next. Besides, every student of history knows that Russia's betrayal of the Allies' cause was in accord with her past history. Russia would find it difficult to be loyal to an ally. Has the Celt read Cardinal Mercier's charges against Germany? Does the Celt want Belgium liberated and restitution made to her? Ireland knows something of the murder of priests and women and the devastation of her cities and of her prosperity. Well, what happened in Ireland some generations ago has in our day taken place in Belgium. Suffering in Ireland ought to make the Celt sympathetic to the oppressed. The devil may be confined to his own apartments, but Christian Charity is universal.

To turn to another theatre of war, I make bold to say that the massacre of the Armenians is the most devilish side of the Teuton alliance. Over 1,000,000 of these people have been massacred under the Turk. Germany has encouraged rather than prevented it. We in Ireland know something of the massacre of our women in bygone days. To-day the flower of the

Armenian womanhood are among the massacred. Does the Celt want the relics of Armenia given back to the Turk? When you have destroyed national enthusiasm and pride you have killed a nation. The Turk has done his best to kill Armenian nationality. “ Ireland must win, depend upon it,” said Burke over a century ago. Does the Celt wish the Turk to be in Europe or driven out of it as Gladstone suggested? If he does, then Germany must be crushed, since she is the Turk’s ally. When Czarism was crushed every lover of liberty rejoiced. Who kept the Czar on his throne if not the Kaiser? Russian Democracy has not only to fight Germany and her Allies but Czarism also. Does not all this show that the one way to liberty is to crush Germany? And if England helps to defeat Germany, isn’t she helping to win the liberty of Europe? England’s blunders in Ireland are criminal too. No sane Celt either condones or excuses them. She must free Ireland or be a blatant hypocrite.

When Sir Francis Vane, who was second in command in Dublin during the Rebellion of 1916, gave his Open Letter to the Press, the following very pregnant and honest avowal rang in my ears and in the ears of every true Celt. It said :—“ This war was at first a very noble crusade for the freedom of a very small nationality, for the defence of France, unjustly attacked. For this all Irishmen and the majority of Englishmen who joined in 1914 came out to fight.

They did not come out to fight for trade or conquest or Imperialism. Yet since the war commenced the authoritative has changed the objective. Now, it is for the trade routes to the East, for German colonies captured, for Alsace and Lorraine, for Constantinople, for Trieste and other things which not only have nothing to do with the original sacrifice, but are in some respects directly opposed to the interests of those who first volunteered. Extension of trade, for example, is directly opposed to the interests of the workers until their share of the profits of the trade which they make by their industry is adjusted. Any expansion of commerce by any country is only a means by which the capitalist hopes to postpone the day of reckoning—the balancing of the account between man and labour."

Sir Francis Vane's point of view was that taken by John Redmond. "This war was at first a very noble crusade—for the freedom of a very small nationality, for the defence of France." Did he not spend his life fighting Freedom's battles, and how could his country look on at a despot crushing Celtic France and little Belgium? If England—bad as she has been towards Ireland—goes down in this war, France, Belgium and the Armenians may bid adieu to Liberty. Does the securing of the liberty of Ireland mean the denial of that liberty to other crushed races? If it does, it means that the Celtic spirit has left these shores. The early missionaries gave away their Faith so that others



might have it. Does Ireland think she can get her liberty by standing out from the rest of the world? And what of America? She is not only Ireland's friend but England's ally. Do we wish to see that country, which has been the home of our race, crushed by the Teuton despot? May I repeat for you the words of John Bright as to the debt which our race owes to America? He says :—

“ You will recollect that when the ancient Hebrew Prophet prayed in his captivity, he prayed with his window open towards Jerusalem. You know that the followers of Mahomet, when they pray, turn their faces towards Mecca. When the Irish peasant asks for food, and freedom, and blessing, his eye follows the setting sun; the aspirations of his heart reach beyond the wide Atlantic, and in spirit he grasps hands with the great Republic of the West.”

These words, uttered over half a century ago, are as true to-day as they were then. America's war is Ireland's war too. It is not the business of the man-in-the-street to decide why America went into the war. The President, the Senate and Congress have decided that. What is more, the chief citizens of the States, lay and clerical, have rallied to their country's cause.

This is Ireland's vital hour. It is now or never. Sinn Feiners talk much of a Peace Conference. Who is to be Ireland's friend there? Can we claim American help if our race howl “ Up the Teuton ”?

Will England speak for us? Not likely if our policy is to down her now. France? No, since Ireland's policy is to allow her to be crushed. Will Belgium or Italy speak for us since they are Catholic? Certainly not; we have tried to crush them too by our foolish policy. Speaking from the Allies' view-point, Ireland will stand at that august assembly—as Christ did before the Court of Pilate—without a friend. She will then have discovered that Germany is a broken reed to lean on. If George Moore displays ignorance of the customs of the Holy Land in one of his recent books, the Celt who places Ireland's destiny in the Teuton's hands shows amazing stupidity. But, it is most deplorable, in my judgment, that what passes for statesmanship should have put our people in a position where there would be any question of loyalty to the American flag, not to mention loyalty to France. Yet, unthinking Celts resented the firm adherence of Redmond to the Allies' cause. He cared not! He might have stepped out of one of George M. Cohan's plays. "The horse is running away," he is told by his driver. "O, indeed," he replies, and goes on with his reading. The narrator explains that he has so often been run away with by his followers that the experience had no novelty for him. Ulsterites and Sinn Feiners both opposed John Redmond. For the former he was too Irish and dogmatic, for the latter too Imperialistic and compromising. He believed that Home Rule could be achieved without resorting

to force of arms and without effecting a separation from Great Britain.’ This is the opinion of thoughtful Americans too.

He has no parallel in the history of his country or any other, in the conduct of this European War or the Councils of Peace, in winning the liberties of a people or in preserving them. With jealous factions surrounding, with foreign intrigues embarrassing, with national upheaval threatening, by sheer force of his mastery over men and events, he held his countrymen united till he won a Home Rule Act from England. It is easy in these days of cheap criticism to undervalue that Act. No sane Nationalist would accept it now. Then, it was one of the greatest triumphs of a united party won in the British Parliament. Four years ago it was the greatest movement of constructive statesmanship that was erected since the days of Grattan. Conquerors may have carried their sceptres across boundless territories; Empire builders may have extended their dominions over numberless tribes; statesmen may have devised mighty plans to bring justice and happiness to mankind; Socialists may have cried out in thunderous voice against wrong and oppression; but John Redmond was the first to bear aloft the standard of Irish freedom. And yet the Celt in the heat of passion would forget the past! “ Everything that was held in abhorrence in ’67 is held in honour now; no nation made such a somersault ever before,” writes Canon Sheehan. What a mystery is



Irish psychology! At one moment it worshipped O'Connell and later broke his heart; at one time it adored Parnell and at another it stoned him; it cheered Redmond in 1914 and afterwards hissed him to eternity! Revolutions may be expected in South American Republics every couple or years, just as great earthquake shocks are due every fifty years in San Francisco. In Ireland blood is spilt in periods of twenty years, whilst the politics of the country changes with the weather.

No one can deny, who knows anything of English politics in recent years, that the Irish Question demanded more than enthusiasm, than courage, than genius; it demanded a man of gigantic grasp, of prophetic eye, of all but superhuman strength and statesmanship to realise the problem in its fulness and work out the plans for its solution. Even the most hostile of Mr. Redmond's critics acknowledge that through the United Irish League campaign, the British democracy had been won to the conviction that the autonomy of Ireland was as great and as pressing a democratic issue as the problem of the living wage. If the late Irish Leader accomplished no other work but this, he has earned the lasting affection of his countrymen at home and abroad. For no sane Irishman believes in coercion in religion anymore than he does in politics. But Mr. Redmond did more than this! He taught Ireland strategy, as Napoleon taught Europe the new art of war and as the Kaiser instructed

the world in the principles of organisation. Caesar gathered together the nations in the hollow of his hand and created a world empire, and Napoleon carved out an empire with his sword, but these men had behind them well drilled soldiers. Mr. Redmond gathered together thousands of persecuted peasants, welded them into a nation after the great Parnellite Split, and flung them serried though peaceful masses against the majesty of the British Empire and won concessions for Ireland that will remain when Caesar and Napoleon are forgotten. Some men seem always behind the times and they hold back achievement and hinder progress, others seem always ahead of things and they start rash movements that threaten disaster, and result in political abolition. Redmond was the unerring interpreter of his times, the typical and forgiving Celt of our day. He came into the course of human events and struck out for freedom at a most opportune time. No one can deny to him the glorious title of patriot, and a patriot is always a man of one idea to which he subordinates all others, and which alone claims his soul. Wherever oppression and wrong lifted their heads, his clarion voice was raised in denunciation, wherever Allied soldiers were fighting for a good and a just cause, they were cheered and strengthened by his impassioned eloquence. And when the Democracy of England groaned under the despotic power of the House of Lords, it was the Irish Leader who gave the death-blow to one of the most

tyrannical usurpations of modern times. When he said "Ireland will take her place on the Allies' side in this just war," many true Celts endorsed his sentiments, some did not. But, Ireland has never been without its political ruffians. Men who tried to misrepresent Irish opinion in the nineties by hooliganism have left some to continue that work in Ireland to-day. One day they will get a Roland for their Oliver. These types argue out things with their hearts and not with their heads. It is no fault of theirs if the free colonial government of Ireland, the noblest piece of statecraft which England will ever devise, is given to the Celt! Anything seems possible to-day in Ireland except the pacification of the pacifists, who have allowed ancient hate of England to obscure the present just cause of Democracy.

No one felt Ireland's need of sanity at this present hour more than John Redmond. Like every student of Irish history, he was no apologist for British misrule, from the landing of Henry II. to the death of Thomas Ashe. But, he hated an alliance with Germany. Anyone who will look at Francis P. Jones' history of the rebellion, published first in the columns of the *Irish World*, and then in book form, will find the most crushing and convincing proof of this statement—that Casement's mission to Germany had the sanction and authorisation of the Young Ireland Party. Mr. Jones gives the actual text of the official assurance of the German Government to the Sinn Feiners and



the letter of Roger Casement to the same effect. The messenger who brought the request from the Sinn Feiners to the German Government for arms, ammunition, and machine-guns *via* New York was one of the signers of the Proclamation of the Irish Republic. Mr. Jones actually says that the Irish Republicans were waiting under arms to receive the ammunition on the *Aud* when she was scuttled and her crew were captured. Mr. Jones shows no partiality towards Mr. Redmond, and therefore his opinion is all the more weighty.

Still further evidence can be furnished in the following quotation from Devoy's *Gaelic American*, published in *Viereck's Weekly* of May 9th, 1917: “ A German victory over England would undoubtedly result in the independence of Ireland. The young men of Ireland only need arms and munitions of war to bring about that result themselves; they expected to get these war supplies from Germany and had a promise from the German Government of recognition of Ireland's independence at the end of the war. That promise was published widespread in the early days of the war in the form of a statement from the German Foreign Office.”

Personally, both from internal and external evidence I am convinced of an alliance between the Young Irelanders and Germany up to the rebellion of 1916. This was especially brought home to me by the statement made at an Irish banquet in America on

Patrick's Day of last year. It was uttered by one of the leaders of the Sinn Fein Party in the States. He said, "Every German victory is an Irish victory. Ireland's hope is with Germany." Again Norman Hapgood, the foreign correspondent of *The New York Evening Post*, in a letter from London, published in that paper over a year ago, said on reliable authority that "James Connolly, a signer of the Proclamation and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Irish Republic, just before his execution, said that the German Government had given them a solemn pledge that Germany would never release her stranglehold on Belgium until Ireland was assured her independence and freed from the atrocious tyranny of Great Britain."

Cheap criticism disturbed John Redmond but slightly, but injury to France's cause did. Like every true Celt nothing was more hateful to him than a Teuton alliance. If Sir Francis Vane found him unsympathetic over the Casement affair, it was not because he refused to act, but rather because he was grieved that any Irishman should espouse the cause of Prussia. On the contrary, when I did my best for the reprieve of Casement, my experience taught me that the late Leader was most sympathetic. After all, one of the most difficult Christian tenets is that which says "Forgive your enemies." Irishmen in America, in league with Germany, planned the 1916 Rebellion. For the alleviation of prison suffering and cancelling of sentences Sinn Feiners looked to John Redmond—

the very man they stabbed by causing a Rising. He had seen France rise to a great height and greater, perhaps, than ever before. The names of Focn and Joffre were oft-times flashing before his mind. But, at what a cost was France being chivalrous! If those who have died for her did not see the end of the struggle, they at all events knew that the dawn of a new France, exalted by self-sacrifice, was assured. And John Redmond loving France as every true Celt does, hoped to see Ireland play a great and noble part in the war. But he could not disguise from himself that France and Ireland have fallen somewhat apart and out of touch in these later days. Untoward circumstances have, I fear, complicated, distracted and obscured the true expression of opinion. Emerson says somewhere that “ a new friend is an ocean to swim in, but only a pond when one has found out his limitations.” Parnell’s staunch friend knew what Mitchel knew, what Meagher knew, what every sane Irishman knows, that soon the Young Irelander would discover the deception and the limitations of his new friend. And Redmond grieved. Why should he not grieve! As has been said of another noble Irishman—when writing for Ireland, “ he dipped his pen into his heart.” Redmond throughout the world made friends for Ireland by his genius, by his manly beauty, by his magnificence of character, his tenderness for oppressed humanity, his “ love for justice and hatred of iniquity.” Like



Esther of old, he went among his country's enemies and made them friends; he exalted her condition, he exalted the condition of the people of his race; he won for them, for his native land, respect and esteem. Could he look on calmly and see the work of a valued lifetime ruined? In America the Clan-na-Gael were sworn to avenge ex-Mayor Mitchel's handshake to Balfour and they did! Yet Mitchel's grandson possessed both the love for France and the hate for Prussia which his illustrious grandfather did. Hear his words :—

“ And where was it but in France that towards the end of the last century Irishmen learned something of the rights of man? It was on French principles that our fathers founded the United Irish Society, and on French aid they relied to make good those principles of freedom in their own island. If that aid finally failed her people, it was not from want of zeal and friendship on the part of our kinsmen the French. Bantry Bay saw their tricolour fly from the mastheads of a noble fleet, which, unhappily, the cruel weather of a savage winter blew out to sea and scattered; from France came the small squadron of General Humbert and his gallant little force that routed the British at the ‘ Races of Castlebar ’; from France set sail the other flotilla which bore Wolfe Tone, bound to free his country or to die. He could but die. So it is that down to this very day our people look to France as a friend, our only friend in Europe; and we

cannot look on unmoved in this day of her sore affliction and humiliation.” Inferential condemnation is perhaps the severest rebuke to those who would try to rob Ireland of what she prizes so dearly—France’s love.

Nevertheless John Redmond’s countrymen, whether ruled by reason or by passion, must see in him something greater than a politician advocating a cause which his party is pledged to support. They honour him all the more because he was anathema to the leaders of faction and a thorn in the side of complacent government officials. To them he stood for something far higher than the placemen on the front benches at Westminster, or the windbags at their back. To them he stood for that devotion to the nation which is so characteristic of a true patriot. A modern writer contrasting Redmond and Carson, says the former was “a gentleman” and the latter is “a politician.” But “the gentleman” was a patriot too like Grattan, in adversity and prosperity, in the midst of criticism and surrounded by the applause of the crowd, true to Ireland. Mr. Michael MacDonagh in an article on the late Irish Leader, written for the *Freeman’s Journal*, says :—

“ Mr. John Redmond was a great Parliamentarian in every sense of the word. For many years he was one of the dominant and most esteemed members of the House of Commons, largely because of his gifts of character and eloquence. But what he regarded

more than popularity or authority was useful service to Ireland, and in that respect he was really the most successful leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. His name is inseparably associated with the two most momentous measures passed by the Imperial Parliament since the Union—the transference of the ownership of the soil of Ireland from the landlords to the occupiers and the carrying of the Government of Ireland Act through both Houses of Parliament to the Statute Book despite the vehement opposition of the richest and most powerful class in the United Kingdom. Were he not an Irish Nationalist, he might well have aspired to be the Prime Minister of England."

A proper perspective of Mr. Redmond's striking personality is absolutely essential to the formation of a correct point of view of his accredited place in history. In personal appearance he was often said to resemble Napoleon, in which he may have taken some pride, and also Cecil Rhodes, which probably did not flatter him. He was always a fighter. The first day he entered the House of Commons his maiden speech got the House into a state of excitement, and he was suspended. But he gained poise with passing years as we all do, and later was credited with "a superb gift of silence." He was so different from the present Irish Leader, John Dillon. The latter is really an antique Roman; certainly, he is not a Greek any more than he is a modern; he is not Pericles, but Coriolanus.



He was not at his best when he delivered his panegyric on his dead friend on that sad Saturday of March 9th of the present year, but hear him speak at Westminster and you will soon recognise a Roman patriot transplanted into modern times with all his rigidness and severity untempered and unaccommodated. He resembles Cato with his impetuous and unyielding mien—*Delanda est Carthago!* John Dillon's first speech as Leader, delivered at Enniskillen, was no surprise to his friends. It was fiery and shouted “ No Compromise.” He revealed himself too! He will seek no quarter at Westminster and give none. At times he is the victim of passion. Yet not to show one's feelings is as much a drawback as the wearing of the heart upon the sleeve. Redmond never lacked in tact or good taste, and probably the prettiest compliment he ever received came from the opposition camp when he was called “ a rebel—and a gentleman.” Dillon believes that the “ English friends ” of Ireland are really traitors at heart. He hates intensely and is hated intensely. He is very impatient with critics of his party. In modern days people accuse him of leaning towards the Liberals for many reasons. To my mind he is inclined to support the Liberals because he hates the Tories with an undying, almost an unholy hatred. And yet his enemies, be they Tories or Sinn Feiners, admire the incorruptible honesty of the man, and small wonder if he feels proud of it. “ Have you seen Conan Doyle's letter to the

Press advising the Irish to hurry over to Flanders and die?" said a friend recently. My friend was perturbed. No one who knows Conan Doyle's Irish record was. Everyone wishes that he would go on writing detective stories, in which he excels, and leave Irish politics alone. So too everyone expects Dillon to be enthusiastic.

Next to his honesty, the most striking feature of his life is his enthusiasm. He rules by impetuous force, by a zeal which is burning. Arnold sang of Byron, America loves Cobb, France honours the Maid of Orleans, and Ireland has felt Dillon. If Kerensky was the Lloyd George of Russia, at least for a week, Dillon has been the Bryan Jennings of America. "We can be good friends or bad enemies. And I tell you now unless you give us Colonial Home Rule for Ireland, I will shame you before the world," he said at Enniskillen recently. This is so true of him. He has enthusiasm which knows no damping—the antique Roman brand. In fine, he is sometimes gloomy and perverse, but his good qualities have endeared him to every man who recognises a true and sacrificing patriotism, and his limitations have wrought no man much wrong. It is said that the waters of the Dead Sea are so buoyant that nothing can sink. There is only one other thing in nature so buoyant and that is an Irish heart, and very especially John Dillon's! The only thing political writers have against Dillon is that he won't stay dead.

One has got to be either a lifebuoy or a deadweight in life. The present Irish Leader is typically American in his energy—‘*semper movens*.’ The hero of G. K. Chesterton’s book, *Man Alive*, comes buzzing and bouncing into the story like a blue-bottle and continues to buzz and bounce to the end. We read on to discover why he does so, and only find that he does so, that buzzing and bouncing are only a kind of religious rite for him. They are a part of the blue-bottle’s business too. “To keep moving” seems to be Mr. Dillon’s motto in life, and he does!

Ireland could ill afford to lose Dillon’s predecessor at so crucial a moment in her history. Well may her children far and near weep for her lost Leader! Ireland has lost a tried and trusted chieftain. She has lost him at a time when she needs her truest and best to defend her. And yet Erin may rejoice! He has honoured her name and cause. He adds another to the roll of her illustrious children, whose names and deeds bid the world demand our freedom. Like every Celt he tired sitting at the feet of tyrants. Irish Freedom is coming and in the words of the present Archbishop of St. Louis, “God wills it.” When it does come a pantheon will arise and sons of Erin will place Redmond where honour is richest, and her future poets will chant his praise. Like Moses in ages past, he has led his children to the Promised Land. Future historians will chronicle with pride the noble solitude of Redmond during the last trying years of his



life. It is easy in solitude to live after our own opinion, but the great man is he who in the midst of the jeering crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. Said a Jew to an Irishman in a shipwreck: "What shall I do?" Pat replied: "What does it matter to you if the boat goes down, you don't own it." The attitude of the crowd made little difference to John Redmond once he had formed his own opinion.

But Joseph Devlin is so totally different not only in this respect, but in every respect from his late leader and friend. "Wee Joe," as his friends call him, was the power behind the Redmond throne. At least until the Irish Rebellion he was the most powerful man in Ireland. He has the great gift of epigram, which he shares with Bernard Shaw and Gilbert Chesterton. He has the "*multum in parvo*," as the intellectuals say. This singles him out in the House of Commons, on the platform and in the Press—so that he can make a triple attack on fame. And, "like a giant refreshed with wine," he proceeds on his international career of fame and renown. As a leader of Democracy, he was always more popular than his friend. Even John Redmond's friends said he was too aristocratic to pander to the crowd. In this respect John Dillon resembles his dead and illustrious friend. But Joe Devlin, as his friends call him, fails not to understand the psychology of the crowd. If he will forgive me, I will liken him to Billy Sunday, America's famous

Evangelist, in this respect. “ I am out to kill the devil, and when hell freezes up, I will follow him on skates,” declared Billy last year in New York. Joe is out to kill the devil of disunity in Ireland. It is because he is such an apostle of Democracy that he has become the idol of the people. The wild burst of cheering which one hears when he appears, comes right from the heart of the crowd. Redmond they revered as a great statesman and one of the greatest Parliamentarians of his time. Dillon—though like one of Anatole France’s characters described in that striking phrase “ *Des hommes qui n’ont jamais ri* ”—is honoured for his honesty, but Devlin, like Roosevelt in America, is the man for whom the people would die. After all of the abounding miseries of the world, three-fourths are due to the want of love and not a fourth to the excess of it. If President Wilson’s good sense and fine rhetoric are irresistible, Mr. Devlin’s accomplishments both as an organiser and an orator are none the less attractive.

Of course many of the Conservative school of thought believe that the decline of the British Empire begins not with the reign of the “ Invisible King” George V. but with the “ Visible King” Lloyd George the First. “ He has come into power with a rush,” says a critic. The Leader of Irish Democracy has come into power with a rush too. T. P. O’Connor says, “ Devlin is the greatest power in Ulster, he gets

his work done." That may be so, says his critic, but as to what kind of work it is, or what its object is, why that, as Aristotle would say, is "another thought." And yet, as the American says, "he has produced the goods." When Carson, whom a well-known modern writer describes as "the last stage Irishman," was engaged in stirring up ancient religious animosities in Ulster, the member for West Belfast was doing more than a man's part for the betterment of the social conditions of the sweated workers of Belfast. To-day the anaemic toilers in the mills of the Northern Athens receive a living wage, thanks to the unstinted energy and exertions of Joseph Devlin. It is true to say that neither Scott nor Hugo, measured up to the great Polish novelist Sienkiewicz—not judging him by the same standard as the world judges Dumas—so it is equally true to assert that as reformers of social ills neither Carson nor James Connolly measure up to the "darling" of the Ulster workers.

Verily, I believe if the Almighty should undertake to create a man who was to be universally popular—and He has not—He would create him a Celt. The Celts of all races are most adaptable. The Celt, unlike the Saxon, has the faculty of humour. Like his cousin, the American, he loves sport. Unlike the Teuton, he delights in chivalry. As the Pole craves for freedom, so, too, does the Celt. And this humour, this love of sport, this religious sense, and this boast



of chivalry, combine to make the most fascinating type of man we know. “ Life is too short for reading inferior books,” says Bryce. But the Celt finds it going so quickly that he often wonders why he was born. The Kaiser, it is said, told Ambassador Gerard that he would remember the U.S.A. after the war, and there is every reason to believe that he will keep his word. And the world—long after Teutonism becomes a menace to Civilisation—will never forget the Celtic Joe. Assuredly, Ireland will not !

Murat and Ney were not of like calibre, yet each was indispensable to Napoleon. Redmond needed these two dissimilar characters also. The Democracy of Devlin was as necessary to him as the enthusiasm of Dillon. Mr. Devlin knows the hardships of the poor and lowly because he has sprung from the ranks himself. He sympathises with them — “ Heart speaketh unto heart.” Dr. Lynch can soar to lofty heights of attic eloquence and give glowing quotations from Dante’s *Inferno* or from the orations of Cicero. He is easily the most versatile Parliamentarian of to-day. But Mr. Devlin would infinitely prefer to tell one that he had crushed the hydra-headed monster of religious intolerance which lived nowhere so flourishingly as in modern Ireland. “ In the world of Romance no one knows what will happen next,” says Temple Thurston. But if Devlin and Carson were to go to Ulster on the question of popularity, it would be “ a walk over,” as journalists say, for the hero of the

Belfast sweated workers. And not even the bitterest enemy of John Dillon can speak otherwise of him than "Honest John."

Apart from these two bosom friends of his stood John Redmond. With some men sentimental shouting of "love of country" is everything, but the understanding of the country's problems stands for nothing. For, the art of loving one's country is not always combined with the science of serving it. Lecky says: "There was less Creed antagonism in Grattan's days than in O'Connell's." But Lecky would never have penned those words had he lived in the days of Redmond. He would have characterised his days as those of the worst Creed animosity and political rancour. Not a few Catholics believe that the late Duke of Norfolk exploded the Protestant theory of the impossibility of allegiance to spiritual and temporal ruler. Whether it was necessary or not is another matter. Matthew Arnold said of Burke that the characteristic which made him the outstanding figure of the politics of his time was his saturating politics with ideas. Burke, when the populace did not reign, was the most powerful man of his day. And so was Redmond! But the Bible is full of the selling of Joseph by his brethren as modern warfare is full of instances of nations snatching priests from the altars of sacrifice—not to kill oxen, but men whom their Master came to save. The murder of the former met Divine retribution as surely as the latter will. For the

most dangerous man to any nation is the man without ideas—the “ unthinking monster.” He is worse than the lunatic at large.

It is this “ unthinking monster ” with the stupid English politicians who have hurried Redmond to an early grave. “ We must kill him before he wins or we may die before he fails ” was the cry. English politicians fooled him from August, 1914, till the Rebellion of 1916—the crowning act and the closing scene of their stupidity. And his own ungrateful countrymen put the finishing touch on their bloody work. Critics from Macaulay to Professor Christie did their utmost to kill Dryden. When his enemies did not arrange to have him beaten by hired ruffians, they said he was unhappily married. But the worst charge that they could ever allege against him was—that one day he was discovered in the heinous act of discussing a tart with an actress, properly chaperoned. Verily may we cry from such sins ‘ *Libera nos Domine.* ’ Dryden’s critics hated him for his superior ability as “ the brethren ” hated Joseph. The statesmanship of Redmond was as incomprehensible to his enemies as is Gaelic to the modern Anglo-Saxon. “ What do we want this Anglicised fellow for? Let him go back to England. He knows too much for us,” shouted the unthinking Young Irelander, who thinks that nations survive on horrid pagan hate and not on Christian love. Whilst the time-serving politicians in London told him to return to Ireland



after the Rebellion. "He has lost caste," they said, "and is no further use to us." Like the Man God twenty centuries ago, stoned by Scribes and Pharisees, and then sent from Pilate to Herod and back again. An Italian hero after being wounded, looking towards the culprit, says to the audience, "*L'ho pregato di non dirne niente*"—"I have begged him to say nothing about it." Neither did John Redmond complain of his persecution. When friends asked him to vindicate himself, he would reply, "Ah, no, what does it all matter in the end?" British autocrats called him disloyal for causing a drastic change by abolishing the Veto. They might as well have fixed that note on those who won the Magna Charta from a despotic monarch. But after hearing his war speech of 1914, these same autocrats shouted "Redmond is a gentleman."

How fickle is worldly opinion! To-day it cheers you and to-morrow it shouts you down. Harold Begbie could not understand the Irish issue till he had visited Ireland. Then he wrote: "I returned from Ireland convinced of the immediate necessity of Home Rule." He changed, too, and was assailed by his enemies. To be assailed on all sides and not to be perturbed indicates a great personality. A man of principle must expect to be abused as narrow, out of sympathy with the age, as an old fogey. These are the unintended compliments that wavering pays to fixity. This world sees but one thing, lives for but one

thing, heaps adulation, fame and wealth on but one thing—what pleases its wandering fancy for the moment. “ Put not your trust in a prince,” says the old adage. If the last two years would teach a future Irish Leader one lesson above all others, it is not to trust either British statesmen too much or his own people! Disraeli once penned these words:—“ I want to see a public man come forward and say what the Irish Question really is. One says it is physical force, another that it is a spiritual problem. Now it is the absence of an aristocracy, then it is the absence of railways. It is the Pope one day and potatoes the next.”

This picture lacks nothing of the sarcasm of O’Connell’s impenitent thief. It has the obvious moral—that the moral bankruptcy of British statesmanship in the suppression of the Easter Week Rebellion has caused the evil of disunity in modern Ireland. You can’t push Mother Earth’s patience too far! Misfortunes are bound to follow. Said a friend to Garibaldi, “ I will crush Christianity,” and the latter replied, “ I would not even try, for the Cardinals have been trying to do that for centuries and have failed.” England, too, though she has created the pessimist of the novel, has been trying to crush Ireland for well nigh eight hundred years. Even now it is doubtful if she will learn a lesson from Redmond’s life. By killing his power, by being disloyal to him, she has created an Ireland that her armies will never subdue.

Ireland of 1918 is as far apart from England as she was in the days of Elizabeth. For years British blundering has estranged Ireland from England. No Celt will ever trust her again.

Redmond made the world his country and mankind his kin. Often he struck out boldly as Parnell did, but he always struck to fell the despot, never the helpless. He seemed to feel with the dying regicide in *Les Misérables*, "I weep with you for the son of the King, murdered in the temple, but, weep with me for the children—they have suffered longest." Manliness that has been engendered into the Irish character by British misrule has made every Celt at this epoch see the truth of the late Bishop O'Dwyer's words: "Ireland's great danger is her too close connection with England." And there are precious few in Ireland who will object to the snapping of the link which binds despotism to chivalry! In George Russell's words:—

"The bungling Government might well look upon the Irish Question with utmost concern. Instead of the old enthusiasm of a few revolutionists there is a deep-seated and abiding conviction of wrong. This generation will not see the end of it. Grimly silent now, it will find expression as surely as the world wags on its way. The bayonet cannot always be at Ireland's throat. When it is taken away I think there is going to be trouble. There are to-day in Ireland ten times as many of what the London Press call Sinn Feiners as there were two centuries ago. The dullest



politician might draw instruction from that one fact.”

Will England learn a lesson from John Redmond's death? The fight which he has made all through his life has given him a title to the allegiance, affectionate and loyal, of all true Celts. His times were more strenuous than those of Parnell's, though it is a commonplace of political leadership to compare them. Whatever John Redmond's faults were, they arose not from himself, but from his position. “ God help Ireland persecuted between two thieves, Germany and England,” said a leading Irish-American to me. This is an apt analysis! Only a strong man, and a determined man, and a man who was not merely a politician but a statesman, could have taken up and maintained Mr. Redmond's splendid attitude on the Veto question and placed even an emasculated Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book. Fifteen years ago if we were asked when would that feat be accomplished, we should have replied, “ When blackbirds become white.” It is as a statesman that one comes more and more to regard Mr. Redmond. He had that breadth of view, that serenity of judgment and outlook, that spaciousness of purpose and idea which marks off the real man of the State from the man of a party or from the leader of the crowd. He was never larger than the best interests of his country. He loved Ireland as his mother, he loved America and France as a man loves a pretty woman. Kindness was the fruit, courtesy the flower of John Redmond's character. No

personal vanity or pride of intellect troubled him. His courtly manners were neither the product of culture nor the garb of policy. They were born with him.

And John Redmond never sought sympathy or recompense for his labours. His enemies accused his Party of jobbery and of "running a good business," but dare they accuse him! Ireland needs those villifiers and mudslingers of to-day as much as she needs an epidemic of Asiatic cholera. John's exquisiteness of culture was too much for these slanderers. To them he was anglicised, and therefore first cousin to a heretic. In Ireland it is the same thing! He had that fine and delicate sensibility of the Hellenic mind, too. He listened to their attacks, always possessing the '*ars semper gaudendi*,' so necessary in this vale of tears. He suffered unfair criticism from types who were not as big-hearted as a pollywog, nor as generous as a hyena. He heard undeserved sneers and was blamed for misunderstanding men, and he bore all in silence. Why? Because he looked upon himself as the keeper of a great and solemn trust, as the leader of a high and generous cause. And to that cause and to that trust he had bent all his endeavours, and for it he had ordered all his ways.

Can Ireland forget a patriot who has given his long life to her cause? A people who would dishonour the memory of such a Leader would forever be pointed at as an ungrateful race. In the schools of America

one often sees the Green Flag of Ireland near the Stars and Stripes. If it was not the life work of Redmond which has placed the standards of Chivalry and Freedom together, who then, did it? “ Every Irishman is born either a soldier or a monk,” says one of our Irish novelists. Redmond fought the soldier’s battles for Ireland—not merely in England, but in every clime where people thirst for Freedom. And Time—that great healer of human woes—will vindicate him before some Celts at home who are as unbelieving and as ungrateful as the Jews. The name which has changed Ireland and made it a ‘Nova Terra’ will yet bring prosperity out of chivalry. But his epitaph must not yet be written since the Ireland of his dreams and our dreams, his hopes and our hopes, his ambitions and our ambitions, and his love and our love, remains in chains. We must only write over him the words of another great Irish Leader—Robert Emmet: “ I am going to my cold and silent grave, my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that was dear to me in life for my country’s cause—with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections; my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace.



Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

## CHAPTER IV.

### AMERICA AND IRELAND.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY counts among its famous men the present illustrious ruler of America, President Wilson, and not the least of its great leaders of thought is Professor Robert McElroy, head of the Department of America's History. Speaking at the annual dinner of the Irish-American Historical Society held in New York just six months before this present war, he said : " We Americans of all creeds and classes are here this evening to burn incense to a race whose history has displayed in turn gifts of courage and good humour, generosity and true friendship, wit and wisdom."

America has been the refugium of all the pleading causes of the world. Kossuth went there from Hungary to expose Austrian tyranny. Catholic and Protestant missionaries have flocked there in scores to gather money for their various enterprises. But especially Ireland has pleaded, as a child to its mother, pleaded succour and sympathy from the greatest Republic and the noblest people the world has ever known. As I gazed at Fort Erie last year incidents

of history flashed across my imagination. Was it not at that spot 50,000 Fenians rushed on Canada just half a century ago? And cruel irony of fate—was it not another Irishman, General O'Neill, who held them at bay? Redmond went there, too, and his friend Parnell. To-day O'Connor and McCartan are there. Truly, that grand free land of the West is like a hall made holy by great men's words and spirits.

In Washington City stands a bust of John Barry, the father and founder of the American Navy. He was the first man who unfurled the American flag from a battleship. From his ship was fired the last shot of that revolution which shattered America's chain of bondage. And it was that man who when tempted with an offer to command the British fleet, replied: "Not all the money the British Government could control, not all the fleet it could bring upon the sea, would tempt me to desert my country."

And not only did Ireland give America her first great Admiral, but her sons rallied in thousands to her cause, to crush the despotism and tyranny of British misrule. The Irish merchants of Philadelphia gave over £100,000 to support the American Army, whilst nine Irishmen signed America's Charter of Liberty. It was an Irishman, too, who first read the Declaration of Independence. There is not a stone which forms the enduring edifice of American liberty to the shaping and placing of which Irish brain and muscle have not generously contributed. Wagner may have had



to wait a long time before Ludwig II. of Bavaria enabled him to build a suitable theatre at Bayreuth for the production of his music and drama. But the visitor in the States has not to wait long to see the influence of the Celt there. It began with Patrick Ayres, who was with Columbus. It goes on still. Chicago has felt John Finnerty, that great Irish orator, who led the Irish of America up to the latter part of the nineteenth century. Baltimore has felt Gibbons, and all America too. Ireland has built up the Catholic Church in the West; Fallon, that great young Churchman of Canada to-day, helped to build it in the East; whilst all America falls down before McCormick, the "king of concert," as the old Greeks fell before their gods. Bourke Cockran, one of Ireland's great American orators, says :—

"The wrongs perpetrated on Ireland have by the Providence of God worked some results not intended or even foreseen by the oppressors, but which are of enormous value to humanity. Deprived of their government and of their soil, the misery that followed culminated, as we all know, in a great famine, which drove Irish men and women in millions to seek across the sea an asylum which would afford a fair field for their industrial energies. They found it here. And here, those ignorant peasants became the most effective contributors to the development of the country."

When this European catastrophe began, there is no

good blinking at facts, American sympathy was not on England's side. A terrible undying hatred was felt against her, not only by Irish and German-Americans, but by all classes. It is not many years ago when President Cleveland wanted war with England. If the Government of the States declared that war in 1914, there would have been no need of passing Conscription. Every mother's son would have rushed to the colours to take their part in felling their Saxon enemy. And why? Hatred of England was handed down from generation to generation, as we hand down ghost stories in Ireland. Dim memories, perhaps, but none the less real, of the great Irish Famine lived in American Celtic memory. Every story he heard at his exiled mother's knee was a story of English tyranny and English brutality. They had not to read *Knocknagow* to be reminded of the rack-renter, the slave-driver, and the merciless extortioner. And to the Irish-American Ireland is a shrine at which he worships. Had there been no violation of Belgium, no Government, however despotic, could force the liberty-loving Americans to take sides with England. But Belgium not only saved England but won her America. Civilisation must be saved. This forced America to enter this war.

Again, Carsonism did more than anything else in recent years to estrange these two English-speaking peoples. "Ulster's share in this war can never be over-estimated," said a prominent San Francisco

lawyer to me. America knew that as England does now. German officers who visited Ulster before the war actually boasted that "England could not fight if she wished to." Germany counted on civil war. If the spirit of Drake haunts England in days of peril, so the spirit of Carson was supposed to direct the army. When there was no mutiny in Ulster, the militarists of Germany must have felt bitterly disappointed. "Ireland," said Newenham, writing a century ago on industrial topics, "greatly surpassed her sister-country, England, in the aggregate of the endowments of Nature. England, abounding in wealth beyond any other country in Europe, cannot boast of one natural advantage which Ireland does not possess in a superior degree." Americans realised Ireland's economic value as did Newenham, and yet they saw her in chains. Can it be wondered then that both Carson's attitude preceding the war, coupled with England's atrocities of Easter Week, 1916, should have utterly disgusted the free and liberty-loving Americans of British hypocrisy and tyranny? Even the passing of the Home Rule Bill softened that old hatred of England only for a time. For the news of Easter Week swept from New York to San Francisco every vestige of love for Ireland's oppressor. The American said, "Why, England has not changed; her sins of yesterday she commits again to-day. We hate her." Perhaps this explains why America was so long entering this war. The reason



must be sought in Dublin with its horrid ruins. Had England acted magnanimously, as she should have, in the suppression of the Dublin Rebellion, there would be little fear in early April, 1918, of the siege of Paris. Carsonism kept America two-and-a-half years out of this war of civilisation. The miracle is how its President—in the midst of seemingly insurmountable obstacles—pushed America in so quickly. Many wondered if she has entered time enough to save Civilisation.

America's entry into this war meant Ireland's liberation. There is no gainsaying that statement. This was the message given at Washington to Balfour, and conveyed by him to England's Premier, Lloyd George. "How are we to win America?" "Free Ireland," was the answer. Even as early as July 26th, 1916, the *Daily Mail* said: "The Government's Irish policy has led to an impossible situation, a situation that cannot last and must be ended." That was eight months before America declared war. The *Daily Mail* realised that if England secured American help on the battlefield the price that must be paid was immediate Colonial Home Rule for Ireland. With a world headed for Democracy, and the Allies' cry of "No government without the consent of the governed," how could England keep Ireland a servile State? The Allies' constant cry was—"Free Belgium, Serbia, and Rumania." But Ireland was closer to the heart of America than these countries were. Had she not

contributed to the establishment of American ideals and practices? If, then, Belgium had a right to Freedom, why not Ireland? If Belgium, one-third the size of Ireland, can support a population one-and-a-half times as large as Ireland, why cannot a richer and more fertile country like Ireland, support herself? "Greece was restored to independence after 2000 years, why not Ireland after 118," said America? And so the Irish Convention was devised to pacify America.

It was a clever stroke of Lloyd George's! And his selection of a Chairman was equally clever. For Sir Horace Plunkett is as equally at home in Washington and London. He is a friend of President Wilson's, and intimate both of Colonel House and Colonel Roosevelt. He has spent much of his time in America too. His sympathy for that great Republic is well known. Then Sir Horace Plunkett is an ardent Irish patriot, loved by all classes. His life has been a labour of love for Ireland. Cardinal Logue may not have agreed with *Ireland and the Nineteenth Century*, and even called it "a bad book." But he cannot deny the purity of Sir Horace's motives—to redeem Ireland from poverty to prosperity. With the pure zeal of a crusader he went about preaching co-operation—co-operation for the purchase of seed, so as to buy the best at the cheapest price; for the purchase of fertilizers and the marketing of the crop. All of this the Irish farmers had done before without

any system. Bishop Berkley believed with childlike faith in the power of tar as a human commodity. And Sir Horace believed co-operation would cure Ireland of many of her economic ills.

His work went on slowly at first : only a pure zealot would have held on. Having finally made a start in building a co-operative machine, Sir Horace set about legislation, and at last secured the passage of laws that gave tenants rights of purchase on favourable terms. What is the result? To-day outside the settlement of the Home Rule Question, Ireland is most prosperous. And while Sinn Feiners will fight Nationalists, and the latter in turn will fight Carsonites, yet members from all these sections of Irish life will sit down in amity at one of Sir Horace's meetings. At least we can secure unity sometimes in Ireland !

Alexandre Dumas is of all French novelists the most prolific writer, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over 2000 volumes. Sir Horace, in the realm of economy, is easily the greatest not merely in Ireland to-day, but on both sides of the Atlantic. His selection then has imparted some momentum to the cause of a pacified and united Ireland. New and strong hopes of settling a thorny problem were engendered by his choice as chairman. And no one knew better than he did how vital an Irish settlement was for the Allies' success. He saw too that the United States was irrevocably committed to this war and was a case of "one for all and all for each."



Englishmen who wished to be fair with Ireland and "get on with the war" cried too for a speedy solution. A quotation from H. W. Massingham, one of the ablest English journalists, reflects this opinion. Writing late in September, 1916, he says:—

"We Englishmen can quite easily measure the material results of the Rising. London has only to see Regent Street reduced to a heap of rubble and scrap iron, with a deep gash of ruin at each angle, to think of a General Post Office as a skeleton, and to fancy the wreck of half-a-dozen of its banks and great stores, if he would know what the shelling and burning of Sackville Street has meant to Dublin. But Ireland does not reckon her loss quite in this fashion. She has a deeper concern. She is aware that the Rebellion has revealed her spiritual troubles as a flash of lightning shows the precipice in the traveller's path. She knew the danger, foretold it, and (with a certain distracting voice and accent) begged England to listen. Pre-occupied England did not listen, or, listening to this counsel or that, did nothing. The expected and foretold explosion having occurred, the pre-occupied one remains in possession, in the persons, for the moment, of her most occupied man. She is also summoning all and sundry to fresh counsels, usually excepting those who have knowledge and power, and is sending over more ignorant (and pre-occupied) persons to help her. She is alive, in her way, to such capital facts as that what has happened in Ireland

has happened because none of the leading Irishmen were responsible for social order; that this again is her fault; and if things are not as bad as they might be, it is because she is under a pledge to hand over responsibility, and, finally, that they were far worse than they need have been. If Irishmen and Irishwomen had generally believed that she would keep her word, and if she had not given them good reason to fear that, when the time came, she would break it, England having, as I said, a kind of subconscious realization of these truths, may yet muddle through her latest rebellion."

In the meantime from the Rebellion up to America's entrance on the Allies' side, little or nothing was done to settle the Irish Question once and for all. Side by side with this British stupidity was the growth of the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland. Mr. Redmond, therefore, not wishing to rob Ireland of his life-long labours, issued a manifesto which created a great sensation in America. *The Springfield Republican* considered it "managed and timed quite as if Herr Zimmerman had managed it," and the *St. Louis Republic* said: "We will take much more interest in this conflict in Irish politics, because it is within the possibilities that the conduct of the war may be involved." The Irish crisis was precipitated on March 7th, 1917, in a debate in the House of Commons by the statement of the Prime Minister that the Government was prepared to grant Home Rule to that

part of Ireland which demands it, but would not take action to enforce it on the part to which it was repugnant. This insulting offer was repudiated not only in Ireland, but in America and Canada. In the latter country a mass meeting was called the day after the debate, and a strongly-worded cable was sent by the Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Bishop of London, demanding "the same form of rule for Ireland as Canada enjoyed." I was lecturing about the same time in Allegany University in New York State, and when the picture of Padraic Pearse was thrown on the screen, graduates and undergraduates, young and old, Catholic and non-Catholic, all applauded vigorously. These are but two samples of how America and Canada were watching our National Question. England was conscious of it too, for Balfour must have confessed the truth when he returned to England. He mainly applauded and interviewed himself.

Mr. Redmond's Manifesto was a plea for aid from America as follows:—

"The constitutional movement can yet be saved, but only by the active resistance of all level-headed Nationalists in Ireland, and to a special degree by the millions of the Irish in the Dominions and in the United States. To them we appeal most earnestly to come to the aid of those who have rescued Ireland from being made the catspaw of Germany, and who are struggling against terrible odds to keep open the road to Irish Liberty through peaceful, constitutional



means—a struggle in which we are hampered by the British Government, which plays into the hands of the Irish Pro-German Revolutionary Party with stupid perversity worthy the worst reactionaries of Petrograd.

“So far as Ireland is concerned, the Government is doing its utmost to aid Germany's work, and so long as this attitude is followed we, as Irish Representatives, while retaining our attitude towards the war and remaining firmly convinced of the justice of the Allies' cause, and unchanged in our resolve to do all in our power to aid in bringing it speedily to a successful issue, feel bound to oppose the Government by every means in our power.

“The Australian Senate has already spoken effectively in support of Irish Freedom, and in behalf of the Irish nation we tender them grateful thanks.

“To the men of Irish blood in the Dominions and the United States we appeal. They should promptly use all means in their power to bring pressure on the British Government to act towards Ireland in accordance with the principles for which they are fighting in Europe, and we especially appeal to the American people to urge upon the British Government the duty of applying to Ireland the great principles so clearly and splendidly enunciated by President Wilson in his historical address to the United States Senate.”

“The manifesto makes sorry reading for the Irish people,” said *The Irish World*, which maintained that “there would be quite a different story to tell if

the policy of recruiting for the English Army had not been interjected into Irish politics," for "from the time Mr. John Redmond delivered his first recruiting speech, his influence began to wane till it has now reached so low an ebb that Premier Lloyd George thinks he can safely flout both Mr. Redmond and the Parliamentary Party." The *New York Gaelic American* observed :—

"Redmond's walking out of the House and the shouts of the fellows who cheered the execution of Pearse were stage-play to catch fools, and there are fewer fools in Ireland now than before the war. His address to the Irish in America will fall on deaf ears, while his appeal to the Colonial Premiers and to President Wilson—whom he bunched all together as if they were all of equal rank and importance—will surely anger the stubborn and stiff-necked English people. The Colonials would do the bidding of the English Government, and if President Wilson interfered at all he would surely not recommend any measure bigger than the British Ministry would be willing to give."

Mr. Redmond's own organ in New York—which was conducted under the editorship of Mr. Walsh—declared that "The British Government, so fearful of rebellion in Ulster, has not shrunk from actions which foment rebellion in Ireland." One of its sentences was very apt, which said : "Lloyd George has banged

the door against the Irish Party when they appealed to him."

A friend of mine in Denver was just as expressive when he uttered these words :—" We Americans think George a very clever politician. His Convention game is the same old trick which Pilate tried to get off twenty centuries ago. Pilate said he was innocent of Christ's blood and put the blame on the people. George asks Ireland to agree—and then shouts ' At last the blame is on Ireland and not on England. I have washed my hands of it.' " Lastly, but not least, Mr. John Butler Yeats in the *New York Tribune* said : " As a Protestant and an Ulsterman I long for Home Rule," and continues : " If Home Rule were enforced in Ireland, there might be some broken heads, just for diversion's sake; there would be no civil war, and the Belfastman would become the finest Home Ruler of them all. It is he who would see that the Home Rule Government got extension of its powers and that it would not be left to be the mere simulacrum that is now offered."

Even the most apathetic and Pro-English American was deeply affected by Mr. Redmond's Manifesto. The Manifesto was full of sad words. Ireland still existed, it is true, but the sun was not shining on her. She was under a dark cloud. An occasional ray of glory fell down from behind that dark cloud. Her lovers knew her national spirit was high. Men and women, young and old, were as ready to die for her



now as Brian Boru did in the eleventh century. Tears ran down Erin's face, but she kept smiling—realising that if the Celt lost hope everything was gone. Then thoughts of long ago flashed across the mind of Erin's exiles. How vividly did they see that long ago rise up before them again! England was playing her old, old game. She starved our people in '47, and she robs them to-day. Within a few years taxation per capita in Ireland has gone up 600 per cent. Poor bloodstained Ireland is still a Calvary! When, oh when, will Ireland see Mount Thabor? When will the sun shine on Erin? Ought not the destiny of a nation to be determined not by the opinions of other nations but by the opinion of the nation itself? But then, said the exile, England is always cunning and hypocritical, mean and pharisaical, towards Ireland.

It is only a mere statement of fact to say that up to Easter Week Irish opinion in the States was pro-Redmond. That sad event changed the viewpoint of Americans. From New York to San Francisco there was one cry, "Down with England!" "The only Irish policy that I endorse is the Republican. We can trust England no longer. I hope Germany gives her what poor Ireland was not able to do—the devil of a licking," said a prominent Irish-American bishop to me. Various Irish exiles arrived too from Ireland and started the old crusade of hate against "The Predominant Partner." One

venerable old clergyman, who introduced me before lecturing, said: "I am seventy years to-day, and I hate England now as much as when I lived in Tipperary. We Americans will never trust her again. Ireland's liberty must be won by the sword." That was American opinion at the time of the States' entrance into the war. Small wonder was it, therefore, that Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington was cheered vociferously when she delivered a lecture at San Francisco! She said:

"The lesson of the Irish Rising and its suppression is that our small nation, Ireland, has a right also to its place in the sun. We look to the United States particularly to help us in this matter. The question of Ireland is not, as suggested by England, 'a domestic matter'; it is an international one, just as the case of Belgium, Serbia, and other small nationalities.

"We want our cause to come up at the Peace Conference, if not before, to the international tribunal for settlement.

"The United States Government has declared that it is entering this war for the democratization of Europe. We do not want Democracy to stop short at the Irish Sea, but to begin there.

"If Great Britain is in good faith in this matter, she can begin now by freeing our small nation, and this can be done without the shedding of a single drop of American blood, and the whole world would applaud the deed.

“ We look forward, therefore, to America to see that her Allies live up to their professions and that the end of the war will see all the small nations of Europe free. As my husband said, in an article written in the *Century Magazine* in February, 1916, on ‘ A Forgotten Small Nationality ’ : ‘ Shall Peace bring Freedom to Belgium, to Poland—perhaps to Finland and Bohemia, and not to Ireland ? ’

“ It is for America to see that Ireland is not excluded from the blessings of true Democracy and Freedom. In this respect America will be but paying back the debt she owes to Ireland. In the day of her struggle for independence before she set up her Republic, she was aided by Irish citizens, many of whom gave up their lives for her freedom. It is for their descendants now to pay back that debt and to help to set up an Irish Republic as independent of Great Britain as is your own.

“ At the end of the war we hope to see a United States of Europe on the model of your own United States, where each State is free and independent, yet all are part of a great federation.

“ We want Ireland to belong to a United Europe, and not to be a vassal of Great Britain, a province of the British Empire governed without consent.

“ Unless the United States is as whole-heartedly in favour of the freedom of Ireland as she is for the emancipation of Belgium, she cannot be true to her own principles. Her honour is involved.”



It was not many days after that lecture was delivered that Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington was notified that another lecture of hers was cancelled "because America was now an ally of England, and loyal Americans had objected to her remarks directed against England." Still Irish-Americans and German-Americans, whom the war brought very closely together, went on at least privately denouncing England. I was invited to a meeting held at Cooper Union in New York, held on May 4th last year. Its object was "to show the loyalty of Irish-Americans to the Allies' Cause." Frankly, I never witnessed such a sight. Some few thousands filled that great hall, and there was only one cry: "We hate England. We will not fight for England. Down with England!" One young lawyer jumped upon the stage and repeated President Wilson's words:—

"The Right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts—for Democracy, for the rights of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at least free."

Carlton never struck a deeper note in an Irishman's heart than was struck in mine on that night of May 4th, 1917. Love of Ireland was the strong passion which ruled that gathering. "We have acted from

a higher law than your written constitution and treaties—the law of God and humanity,” said a brave captain who rescued a poor Irish captive near the shore of that old Irish convict land—Tasmania. The cry of the Irish of that memorable May night was God’s cry—“The cause of Ireland is the cause of Justice. If this is a war for small nations, free Ireland and show your sincerity.”

On the very next day *The New York American*, which has always championed Ireland’s cause, devoted a special editorial to Ireland in which it said :

“We hope that England’s pledge to do justice to Ireland will be kept. Anyone who has even a superficial knowledge of history knows that England owes much to Irishmen, not only in this war, but in all her wars for a hundred years. But as gratitude does not seem to be even a strong characteristic of the English Government, we add that if England is not inspired by gratitude, to give Ireland her liberties, she should do so anyway as a matter of sound policy and for reasons of future unity and safety, and, above all, out of decent respect for the opinion of mankind and as a vindication of the declaration that England has been waging an unselfish war for universal justice and to establish and to maintain the rights, liberties and independence of the weaker peoples.”

About four months after Mr. Redmond’s Manifesto of March, 1917, the special envoy of the Sinn Fein Party presented to President Wilson through Secretary

Tumulty, and to the Vice-President Marshall and Speaker Champ Clark personally two documents that will live in history with Mr. Redmond's Manifesto. One was an appeal to the President and Congress of the United States from the released officers of the Irish Republican Army, written on the boat that conveyed them to Dublin from Holyhead after their liberation from English prisons and signed after their arrival in Dublin. The other was an appeal to the American Government from the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic. Senator James Hamilton Lewis, who has always been a friend of Ireland, presented the Documents in the Senate with a few appropriate and sympathetic remarks. The message to the President ran as follows:—

“ Dublin, June 18, 1917.

“ *To the President and Congress of the United States.*

“ GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned, who have been held in English prisons, and have been dragged from dungeon to dungeon, in heavy chains, cut off since Easter Week, 1916, from all intercourse with the outside world, have just had an opportunity of seeing the printed text of the message of the United States of America to the Provisional Government of Russia.

“ We see that the President accepts as the aim of both countries ‘the carrying of the present struggle for the freedom of all peoples to a successful consum-



mation.' We also see the object of President Wilson's own Government is 'the liberation of peoples everywhere from the aggressions of autocratic force.'

“ ‘We are fighting,’ writes the President to the Government of Russia, ‘for the liberty, self-government, and undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose. Wrongs must first be righted, and then adequate safeguards must be created to prevent their being committed again. Remedies must be found as well as statements of principle that will have a pleasing and sonorous sound. No people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live.’

“ We trust that such remedies—in preference to any governmental professions whatsoever—will be held to include the right of each people, not merely to rely on other peoples to support their claim to national liberty, but what the government and peoples of other nations will, we trust, regard as even more sacred, the right of each people to defend itself against external aggression, external interference, and external control. It is this particular right that we claim for the Irish people, and not content with statements of principle, though these themselves may be a pretext for our oppression, we are engaged, and mean to engage ourselves, in the practical means for establishing this right. Without awaiting the issue of the war, or the settlement that may conclude the war, we ask the Government of the

United States of America, and the governments of the free peoples of the world, to take immediate measures to inform themselves accurately and on the spot about the extent of liberty or attempted repression which we may encounter.

“ We, the undersigned, are officers (just released from English prisons) of forces formed independently in Ireland to secure the complete liberation of the Irish nation.

“ Edmond De Valera, Eoin MacNeill, Denis O'Callaghan, James Lawless, Robert Brennan, M. D. De Lacy, Finian Lynch, Francis Fahy, Thomas Hunter, John R. Etchingham, Richard F. King, John McEntee, Richard Hayes, James Doyle, Peter Galligan, Thomas Ashe, Jeremiah C. Lynch, Richard Coleman, George Irvine, Con Collins, Austin Stack, Francis Thornton, John McGarry, T. Desmond Fitzgerald, Frank Lawless, James J. Walsh.” (All the names signed in Irish.)

The other document reads :—

“ Dublin, June 18, 1917.

“ *To the President and Congress of the United States.*

“ GENTLEMEN,—The Provisional Government of the Irish Republic, which existed before the Revolution of

1916, and continues to exist, desires to convey to the Government and People of the United States the appreciation by the Irish people of the principles enunciated in President Wilson's communication to the new Government of Russia. Our people interpret that statement, in effect, as a declaration of independence for all oppressed nations.

“ While we are convinced that Ireland must rely primarily upon the people of Ireland to re-establish our independence, thus securing for ourselves undictated development of our civilisation and culture, we welcome moral or material assistance from friends of liberty everywhere. We rejoice particularly at encouragement from your great Republic, which, by its example, has given hope and inspiration to enslaved peoples all over the world. Since the days of Washington our people have looked to America as the champion of universal freedom and the cradle of Democracy. They have, therefore, ever been as jealous of its honour and glory as its own citizens.

“ Since the first days of your independence there has been a constant friendship between the two countries, which has been intensified by the influx of Irishmen to the United States, where they enjoy fully the blessings of liberty. During your great struggle to shake off the same tyranny under which we have been forced to live, we glory in the fact that the patriot cause was actively and enthusiastically supported by all Irishmen in America, and that it had the moral support of the



Irish people at home. The resolutions of thanks for this support, which were among the first acts of Congress, demonstrated that the assistance and encouragement thus rendered were appreciated by the fathers of your Republic. We need not dwell on the extent to which our kinsmen contributed to the building up of the United States and their readiness at all times to defend its integrity and honour. Apart from the general principles of universal liberty we believe we have reason to expect assistance from your great country in fighting the same battle against the same foe as Washington fought.

“In President Wilson's communication to the Russian Government he states that ‘no people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live.’ Ireland does not wish to live under the sovereignty of England, and, of course, the President's general statement includes the particular case of Ireland.

“The struggle to regain our independence is practically unique in the history of the world. It has been steadily maintained for 750 years, and our right to freedom asserted by arms in nearly every generation during that period. No measures of our foreign rulers, whether bribes, gibbets, or partial extermination, could destroy in our people the yearning for liberty. To-day the spirit of patriotism is more general and more intense than at any time since the world was

intoxicated with the principles of Democracy by the noble example of the United States in 1776.

“ England never lost an opportunity to slander our nation, as she slanders all enemies. We are described by her agents in the Press, on the stage, and in novels as bigots and drunken savages, whom she has been unable to civilise. At present she assures the world that she is even anxious to grant Ireland self-government if the Irish would only agree among themselves. This is merely a subterfuge. We disagree no more than other peoples. America, when fighting for independence, had her Tories, who were comparatively much more numerous than the same type is in Ireland to-day.

“ Though the Americans are fairly well informed concerning Irish aspirations, we take advantage of this opportunity to briefly outline present conditions here and the events which led up to them. English statesmen have ever been ready to make promises when such would tend to further English policy. The leader of the late Liberal Government, on assuming control, therefore, promised Home Rule to Ireland. With this promise to dangle before Irish-Americans, he then sent his Irish henchmen to the United States to aid in furthering England's foreign policy there. As they failed miserably, and the war cloud on the horizon became larger and more threatening, it was necessary to pretend to carry out the promises. The “ hypocritical sham ” on the Statute Book was, there-

fore, submitted to Parliament, but it was never intended to put it into operation. Irish Unionists were encouraged and financed by the royal family and aristocracy of England to threaten civil war, rather than submit to home government. It was thus hoped to create an excuse to withdraw the Bill, dwarf though it was, when England's policy no longer required its presence on the political stage.

“The English conspiracy against Ireland was a boomerang which, but for the baneful influence of John Redmond and his colleagues, would have made Irish independence as secure as Washington's victory at Yorktown made American independence. The result of it all is, that England is now straining every nerve to conclude a separate peace with Ireland. She proposes a Convention to smooth out the differences previously created by her agents and general policy, also in the hope of discovering the minimum Ireland could be induced to accept, for nobody would now tolerate the Act on the Statute Book.

“The Republicans, who form a majority of the people, were invited to send delegates, but only would be allowed the same representation as the Southern Unionists. They replied that they would take part if all the delegates were elected by the people, and if England promised to abide by the decisions of such an elected convention. England dare not trust the Irish people, and hence the Republicans will ignore the packed convention.



“ We freely admit that many Irishmen are in the English Army. This is due to poverty resulting from the economic laws imposed on us by England for the benefit of England, and to a mistaken idea of nationalism. Many people believed that it was essential to first secure some form of self-government which might be used to further the establishment of a Republic. They therefore believed in placating England. The Irish Party fostered belief in this fallacy until they thought the people were sufficiently weaned from the Republican ideals. This, with the prestige created by Parnell, was the secret of their influence until the great mass of the people realised that it was intended to accept nominal self-government as a substitute for a Republic, instead of a means of securing a Republic.

“ With confidence we look for and invite the support of the Government and people of the United States in our demand for absolute independence. Advocacy of anything less, as some Americans at the invitation of Lord Northcliffe, an inveterate enemy of Ireland, have already indulged in, only injures our cause and is insulting to our country.

“ Our nationalism is not founded upon grievances, and a people nurtured from childhood on the principles enunciated in the declaration of American independence should have no difficulty in understanding our demands. We are opposed, not to English misgovernment, but to English Government of Ireland.

“ We have no doubts of the goodwill of the American Government and people, and while prepared, when the opportunity arises, to assert our independence by the one force which demands universal respect, and to accept aid from any quarter to that end, we hope Americans will see their way to do for Ireland what they did for Cuba. We feel that they will insist upon repaying to Ireland the sacrifices and contributions made by her sons in the cause of America.

“ Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic.

“ PATRICK MCCARTAN, F.R.C.S.”

The fact that America was now at war made the Irish question “ a world-wide ” problem. “ For the first time in her history Ireland has been asked virtually to settle a problem for herself,” said Mr. John Redmond in the House of Commons, welcoming the proposal of the Prime Minister that the Cabinet should summon a convention of representative Irishmen to frame and submit to the British Parliament a constitution for the future government of Ireland. In suggesting that Ireland should draw her own plan, Lloyd George is quoted as saying that the method has succeeded in Canada, Australia and South Africa, and that he could not help thinking that what has been accomplished there can be achieved in Ireland. The constitutional Convention, he said further, “ must be

representative of all classes and interests in Ireland, including the Sinn Feiners, the local government boards, the trades' unions, and commercial and educational interests." And as America, Canada, and Africa framed their Constitutions behind closed doors, so must Ireland. "The support of Ireland as a whole is essential to victory," declared Lloyd George. The Government promises to draft a Constitution which would be in accord with the majority decision of the Convention!

Various were the comments on the Convention in America, some pessimistic and others optimistic. *The Irish World* said: "The Convention itself, as Lloyd George and his Irish parliamentary allies no doubt foresee, will be an abortive affair. What matter if it be such? It will serve the double purpose of serving Lloyd George with the excuse of shifting the odium of England breaking her pledged word to Ireland upon the Irish themselves, and will also exhibit the Irish M.P.'s as making desperate efforts to induce the English Government to carry out its plighted word." *The New York Freeman's Journal* uttered similar views when it termed the project for the Convention a "very clever plan for discrediting Ireland and the Irish cause before the world, devised by a very unscrupulous English politician." Many frankly believed that the Ulster Orangemen and their Unionist allies would hold out against anything like real self-government for Ireland, and because



Nationalists could not yield up their position the cry would go forth—"the Irish can't agree."

And the *Gaelic American* contended:—"But suppose the impossible should happen and the 'Convention' should agree on a reasonable workable plan of Home Rule, what then? Many Unionists have said that if Home Rule is to come at all they would prefer a system that would give Ireland control over her own affairs. Such a plan of Home Rule England will never grant unless she is beaten to her knees—beaten so badly as to make independence as easily obtainable as the lesser measure. Whatever plan, good, bad, or indifferent the 'Convention' may decide on will count for nothing until the British Parliament acts upon it.

. . . . No matter what the 'Convention' may formulate, the British Parliament will never willingly give Ireland real self-government and power to restore Ireland's industries, which that Parliament deliberately crushed. There will be no real settlement through the British Parliament. Such a settlement will only come through England's defeat in the war."

Speaking broadly, therefore, in America the papers were not either elated at the prospect of a settlement by the Convention or convinced of the necessity of such an assembly to settle a question which Ireland has been clamouring to have settled over a hundred years. In Ireland, too, there was little optimism, although Sir Horace Plunkett said at a luncheon in Cork after the twentieth meeting: "The Convention

had made him hope as he had never hoped before. At the worst they would have greatly narrowed the differences which kept Irishmen apart. At the best—and he, for his part, did not despair of the best—over the field of their labours Irishmen of the North and South would continue to meet and say to one another in the larger patriotism, “My country is thy country,” and, in the larger charity, “My God is thy God.”

On the other hand, Mr. De Valera, speaking about the same time, said: “So far this Convention does not represent the Sinn Fein Organisation, but we state to the world, and to England, that we would not hesitate to go into a Convention with fellow-Irishmen. We are ready to go there, but you must give us a guarantee first that whatever agreement we come to you will ratify it; and, secondly, you must give us the right, and them the right, to state that what we want is complete and absolute separation if a majority come to that decision. England took care that she would not allow a body of Irishmen to settle such a question by majority rule. I agree that the Convention was set on foot to get a British Minister out of a tight hole. It has not succeeded, as he wished, by getting the Irish people in such a position that he could misrepresent them. The only game that England can play is to use the Convention to split the Irish people; but our people know the amount of trust to place in English promises. The Irish people have

been gulled too often to trust English promises, and they will not allow themselves to be split by anything that British Ministers may bring forward as a result of the Convention."

Deep, dark mystery surrounded the Irish Convention then, and it is only now, after eight months weary waiting, that its deliberations are forthcoming. Why the whole proceedings should be enshrouded in secrecy is difficult to see. That brilliant writer, George Birmingham, thinks its deliberations will not have been in vain. Writing some seven months ago, he says :—" It is quite possible that the Convention will hammer out some kind of constitution. If it does, that will be another step in advance. Difficulties will arise from bombardment from Ulster on the right, and from Sinn Fein on the left."

In the meantime sane and patriotic Irishmen were looking to the delegates from North and South to face the facts, to recognise realities, to appreciate the dangers that are imminent, and to frame a constitution that will guarantee freedom to all, unity to the nation, fair play to every section, and the opening of a new era for Ireland and England too.

But the anti-Nationalist *Saturday Review*, taking its place with Saul among the prophets, was not optimistic of what would happen in Ireland after the Convention. It was doing its best with other Diehard organs to plunge Ireland into the vortex of another bloody and tragic rebellion. For it was not many



weeks after the formation of the Convention it said :—

“ A General Election in Ireland will follow, and the result will be the return of an overwhelming Sinn Fein majority. And the result of that will be the repeal of the Act by the Imperial Parliament and the proclamation of military law. All the party leaders, and all the editors, and all the priests, and all the agitators know that this is the only possible outcome of the Convention, and yet they one and all join in treating the Convention seriously, or, like Sir Horace Plunkett, cheerfully. The Government must not expect thinking men to take the Convention seriously until the Government takes the protection of life and property and the suppression of treason seriously. As soon as the Government gives up treating Sinn Feinism as a joke, and trying to conciliate rebels by feeble leniency, then, and not till then, will it be possible to speak of the prospects of the Convention as cheerful.”

But America had her hands full with the war, and consequently, though Ireland's cause was hers too, her interest had to be limited. Official America saw the shadow of war fall across her fair plains. A new spirit arose among her citizens. Their country, their flag, was at stake. She no longer could keep from the causes and consequences of the war. Civilisation itself was in danger. She was incompetent too long and indifferent too often. Americans to a man must rally round their flag. When the *Lusitania* was sunk, that brought a new consciousness to America. But

when she declared war, all domestic issues had to drop. As a consequence the only Irish policy that official America was ready to adopt was a broad settlement along Colonial lines.

To further that settlement, Mr. Redmond sent Mr. O'Connor to America. Few men in our day have met such vile abuse and calumny at the hands of his own countrymen as Mr. O'Connor. From the moment of his arrival in the States until now, scathing attacks are made on him by that section of Irish opinion which allows passion to overrule reason. Here is a specimen from the *American Hibernian*:—"Satan when he fell was at least the lord of the Inferno; T. P. O'Connor's fall brings only squalor and ignobility in its train; he must now fellowship with the political declasse, rub elbows with the guttersnipes and detrimentals of our politics, and be for ever the target of the lifted lash and the averted gaze."

Yet, Mr. O'Connor, with that breadth of view and serenity of judgment which is so especially his, knew that now was the opportune time to strike for Irish Freedom. "It is now or never!" he declared to me shortly after landing in the States! Was it not better to appeal to our American friends for a sane settlement—along lines which America would sanction—than to look to a mixed assembly of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Americans, Japanese, Serbians, Montenegrins, Portuguese, Roumanians, Germans, Austrians, Turks, Bulgarians, and perhaps

others? Washington once said : " The nation which indulges towards another habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave." Was Irish America to forget that there is no quarrel to-day between Celt and Saxon? It is simply war against English autocrats which Ireland wages and not against Saxons.

O'Connor had outgrown his opinions. And because he had, " Imperialist" was shouted into his ears by those Celts who ever refuse to change. He didn't believe in that ignorant old prejudice that sneers at every man who changed his opinions. In the final analysis of human nature the man who has the courage to change his opinion is the best man. Every original thinker is a changer. Hilaire Belloc is not so confident of Serbia's victory over Austria now as he was in 1915. Bishop O'Dwyer of 1916 was politically a different man in 1890. And the world is all changed too! Only an ignorant or thoughtless person could believe that a man who changes is a bad person. If we were all apostles of hate we would sink this world in stagnation in a day.

Every Celt who loves Ireland knows her history. England suppressed our Irish constitution and loaded us with debt. She ruined our trade and commerce, she turned our tillage fields into cattle ranches, she has halved our population, and now dares to force Conscription on us without the mandate of the Irish people, and without an order from an Irish Parliament.



This has been all done within a century. And now she wants what is left of the Celt at home to fight for her supremacy at Flanders. To protest is seditious, to rebel, treachery. Bernard Shaw says:—"Our governing class is so incorrigibly addicted to muddling, slacking, and jobbing, that even when their country's peril makes them sincerely anxious to do their best for her, they cannot change their habits or learn new methods at a moment's notice."

And so even though England's heart and her interests be agreeable, she can never erase the evil she has done in Ireland. One would have thought that Easter Week would have induced her to win Ireland's heart by justice and kindness. Yet scarcely was it finished than she blundered with Casement's execution. Since we have had the death of Thomas Ashe and last, but not least, the menace of Conscription. "If England could be induced to do justice to Ireland by Irish loyalty and dutiful service to her, then Mr. Redmond should have succeeded as no Irish leader ever did. No man could have tried to do more for her than he did. Yet she betrayed him at every hands turn, and kicked him about like a pair of old boots," said the *Dublin Leader* some months ago.

It was but natural that British Toryism should take advantage of America's entrance into this war to alienate American sympathy with Ireland. If it could only prove that Sinn Feiners at home and abroad were pro-Teuton, and not merely anti-English, the lying

campaign would have succeeded. And so the *Daily Mail* of December 22nd of last year contained the following editorial :—

“ Irish extremism has usually found a responsive echo in the United States. But to-day, as our correspondent shows, Irish-Americans are rallying to the sane policy represented by Mr. Redmond; they have formed a league to support him, and they have published a manifesto in which the Sinn Feiners are roundly and rightly denounced as the enemies of the Allied cause.

“ There could hardly be a more dramatic proof than this of the earnestness with which Americans are shouldering their part in the war. Without abating one jot of their sympathy for the cause of Home Rule, these Irish-Americans, bluntly tell the Sinn Feiners that any policy directed against Great Britain at this moment is equally directed against America and all the Allies.

“ They feel, and, as men of Irish birth or extraction, they bitterly resent, the ignominious figure which Ireland has cut in this war. They warn the Sinn Feiners that they will forfeit all American goodwill and commit the unforgivable crime if they continue to oppose the cause which America has made her own.”

But British intrigue in America has failed hopelessly. A people who love Freedom will not look on at Ireland in chains at this stage of the world's history.

If Ireland is neutral it is due to England's colossal stupidity. Her autocrats can wine and dine, but when it is a question of making Ireland free they are knaves and fools. America knows all this. And if England persists in estranging opinion in America, she may yet lose her newest ally as she has lost Russia. *I Will Repay* is the title of one of Baroness Orczy's novels. And it is the Divine Law of retribution too which faces England for her arrogant stupidity and hypocrisy in her treatment of Ireland. The last link that binds these two lands has nearly snapped. Brilliant and daring spirits in Ireland to-day appeal to force since England has been declared bankrupt in justice and honour. We Celts refuse to be slaves any longer. Ireland has weighed dangerous consequences against generous impulses. She is ready to die again for Liberty. America has shaken off the English yoke in politics but not in literature, I fear. Ireland to-day is striving to do both. "Talk not here of peace," said Hussey Burgh, an Irishman who held a high office under the English crown, "Ireland is not at peace. It is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragons teeth, and they have sprung up as armed men." Ireland is the same to-day, and England alone is responsible. America knows it too.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE ALLIES.

POOR Celtic France has been shedding her life's blood now for nearly four long years. In her moments of anxiety, at the Marne, and at the great battle of spring of this year, she uttered often that old cry—"Where are the Irish?" For, France is Ireland's blood relation. The ancient Celts migrated from Western Asia across the continent of Europe to the present homes of the six Celtic nations, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Man, Cornwall, and Brittany. Replicas of the habitations, the dress, the weapons, the industry, the arts, the amusements of the Celt throughout his entire history, should prove a fascinating study to every Irishman. At the Swiss Museum at Basle may be seen a replica of the first wheel which, like the submarine, was an Irish invention. Even the Roman legions were amazed and frightened when they saw the ancient Irish troops charge in their great-wheeled chariots which at that time were unknown anywhere else in Europe. And owing to the centuries old struggle maintained by Ireland in the effort to retain her independence, much of the help came to her from

her Celtic sister France. Has Ireland forgotten France's kindness? The question seems too superfluous to answer, for those who are familiar with the ties of kinship and tradition which have always united the Irish and French peoples. To go no further back than 1871 we have ample proof of that immortal friendship which neither English misrule nor Teuton Alliance can sever. In August of that year France sent a deputation to Ireland to convey to the people her gratitude for their help in the Franco-Prussian War. Ireland during that war was deluged with a wonderful wave of enthusiasm for France. Prussia then was as foreign to the Celt as she is now. Everything in Prussia, whether it was law or religion, was so dissimilar to Irish ideals. And we had the old saying: "Each true Irishman should kill a Hessian for himself." The sympathy with France then and now was not the result of political expediency. The roots of that affection were far away in the past. And so when France stood alone in Europe—as Christ did in Pilate's Court—Ireland rushed to her aid. Mr. P. J. Smyth, the Young Irelander, said then:—

"To support the French nation by every means in our power is the duty of the Irish people. To the performance of that duty they are urged by every consideration of policy affecting their own political situation. When the fate of America hung trembling in the balance, I impressed upon my countrymen the necessity, as they prized the freedom of their own

land, of standing by the Union with even greater confidence. I now tell them that it is a necessity for Ireland, as it is a necessity for Freedom throughout the world, that France should maintain her position as the leading Power upon the continent of Europe."

"La Campagne Irlandaise" might have been a Brigade were it not for the British Government. It blundered with France then as it does with Ireland now. Like the priest and the poor ill man by the wayside, it passed France by and succoured her not. England is now reaping the benefit of her narrow-minded policy and glaring apathy of '70. Yet the French felt proud of Ireland's help. They said: "The Irish were the only people—absolutely the only people—who came to our assistance during the war; for they hated, and still hate, the Prussians as much as we do." As a people the Irish flung themselves on the side of France. What did England do? She looked on and sneered and jibed. Had she saved France then, her own fate would not be hanging in the balance now. The motto of the Brigade which rallied to the help of the Bourbon Dynasty, was "*Semper et ubique fidelis.*" When Ireland between that latter part of the seventeenth century and the middle of the eighteenth gave half a million soldiers alone to France, it can be easily seen how becoming was the motto of the Irish devoted to the Royalist cause.

After the disaster of Sedan, John Mitchel, Irish



patriot and British felon, wrote :—" This great war in France is at last taking more definitely its true character—of a struggle between German feudalism and oligarchy on the one side, and French freedom and Republicanism on the other. It is the same old and inevitable contest which has raged in Europe for eighty years. . . . Hereafter we can have no difficulty in defining our position with regard to the war in France. We are either for the rights and privileges of mankind or else for the feudal pretensions of an insolent monarchy and aristocracy which pretends to ignore and deny all civil rights whatsoever."

France in 1870 realised that her war was a struggle between two ideals. There was French freedom on the one side, and Prussian oligarchy and feudalism on the other. France stood forward before the world as humanity's champion of human right, as opposed to Prussia's claim of Divine Right. Ireland had been claiming freedom from the days of Henry II. and consequently her sympathy was unmistakably pro-French. France, freed from the heel of the conqueror, was a fitting study for Ireland, the servile state. Small wonder that when Marshal MacMahon's representative, the Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone arrived in Ireland, he should be greeted from coast to coast. And small wonder was it too that when Ireland's representatives to France—a few months after the outbreak of this European war—arrived in Paris that the shouts of

“ *Vive l’Irlande* ” met them at every corner. Speaking at a demonstration in Dublin nearly fifty years ago, the father of the author of that very opportune and very valuable book *Ireland and France*, said :—  
“ Europe should know that the heart of Ireland was with the Tricolour on the Rhine. Those Germans were known in Ireland—in ’98—and bitterly remembered.” To-day in this gigantic and bloody struggle for Liberty the heart of Ireland beats in union with that of France. And Katharine Tynan’s poem, “ A Girl’s Song,” with its shell-scarred beauty, brings joy and sorrow to the Irish as it does to the French. It sings :—

The Meuse and the Marne have little waves;  
The slender poplars o’er them lean.  
One day they will forget the graves  
That give the grass its living green.

Some brown French girl the rose will wear,  
That springs above his comely head;  
Will twine it in her russet hair,  
Nor wonder why it is so red.

His blood is in the rose’s veins,  
His hair is in the yellow corn:  
My grief is in the weeping rains  
And in the keening wind forlorn.

Flow softly, softly, Marne and Meuse;  
Tread lightly, all ye browsing sheep;  
Fall tenderly, O silver dew,  
For here my dear Love lies asleep.

The earth is on his sealed eyes,  
The beauty marred that was my pride;  
Would I were lying where he lies,  
And sleeping sweetly by his side!

The Spring will come by Meuse and Marne,  
The birds be blithesome in the tree;  
I heap the stones to make the cairn  
Where many sleep as sound as he.

Why then does the small Celtic nation keep apart from her great sister in this death-struggle for Liberty? The answer commonly volunteered is—that Catholicism stands to gain more from a Teuton victory and a Saxon defeat. It is indeed a German habit—“*Brevis esse laboro.*” And the man who wearies of reading the overdrawn list of German atrocities says, if briefly condensed, they come to be summed up in Louvain and Rheims. It is a commercial war pure and simple, with religion on the German side, reasoned many a Celt. And he cited Mr. Wells' passage, which says:—“Attentive students of the home and foreign propaganda literature of the German Government will realise that the



case made by German Imperialism, the main argument by which it sticks to power is this—that the Allied Governments are also Imperialist, that they also aim at conquest and aggression, that for Germany the choice is world empire or downfall and utter ruin. This is the German argument that holds the German people stiffly united."

And Bernard Shaw does not spare England when he wields his mighty pen. He says:—"The British has expanded by sheer aggression and extermination over North America, Australia, and at least half the available part of Africa, and the whole of Egypt and India, whilst Germany is still clamouring for a place in the sun. Remember the day after peace we shall be more afraid of Russia than of Germany, and all Europe will be more afraid of us than any other single Power. Our victory, or, at worst, our demonstration that a German victory is impossible, will knock the lynchpin out of the Allied apple-cart, and the strained embrace in which the Tommy, the Poilu, and the Cossack are now enlaced will relax with a very perceptible lowering of the temperature of the three pairs of shoulders."

Cecil Chesterton may contend that we ought "to go on fighting to the end," but the modern Irishman believes that we are likely to go on fighting long after there is nothing more to be gained by it. Is the occupation of Northern France by the Prussian any more serious than the occupation of German Africa

by the English? Is the Prussian pressure on Alsace and Lorraine more tyrannical or unjust than England's act of passing Conscription for Ireland against the will of the Irish people? "France is anti-Catholic, England is a blated hypocrite, and I will not be sorry to see Germany giving each a good hiding," he declares. He cannot see that the Cæsarism and the militarism for which Prussia stands are in active and open hostility to the spirit of Christ. Furthermore, he challenges his pro-Ally friend to produce evidence from purely German sources to prove that the German conduct of the war is in frank defiance of the doctrine of the New Testament, and that the philosophy which prepares and underlies and direct it is Lutherianism. He believes that Germany is not the only nation that has made its own Christ. Ireland is still Catholic, but theory is all right in the abstract, whether in religion or philosophy, but when it contradicts experience it leaks. Germany's religion has not been all in the abstract, he contends.

No change has been so sudden as that which brands German Catholicism as inert and unwholesome. Before the war it was "the one bright spot" of the Church. Kingsley never did such a somersault from "the ignorant Spaniard" to "the educated Englishman" as the violent and bigotted extremist who early in 1914 branded the men of Cologne as "saints," whilst at the end of the same year he discovered they were "devils." No sane man supposes that the

aspirations of the German Catholics and their attitude towards other nations has materially changed since Professor Schrörs stated that German Catholics request nothing more or less than their legitimate rights as children of the *una sancta et apostolica ecclesia*, which knows of no nationality. As Fr. Robert Hugh Benson puts it—"She is not national but international." Then, Bishop Faulhaber said:—"The Church cannot be circumscribed by the geographical limits of any one nation." Surely when Catholics, be they priests or laymen, turn their activities to prove the righteousness of the Allied Cause by pointing out the dark days in German history, they are departing from the path of reason and common sense. "Gazing into Heaven will not help us to get there, and lingering and thirsting after God necessitates working for Him," says Fr. Basil Maturin. And the Germans of Berlin have done no more "gazing" into Heaven than have the Saxons of London, and Austrians of Vienna, no more than the French of Paris!

It is high time to stop these wild accusations on the religious score whether they emanate from Berlin or London. As Pope says:—"A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday." This world war has been brought about not by conflicts of a religious nature, but by political, social, and economic factions. Bernhardi's contention



that Prussia must destroy the power of England or lose her own is exactly balanced by Father Bernard Vaughan's that England must destroy Prussia or lose her own. When we probe the causes of this gigantic war it is difficult and odious to make comparisons of Christian and non-Christian nations. Some of the most Christian modern nations do not profess on their Charter to be Christian. Some of the most willing to be emancipated from Christian principles are "would be" Catholic nations. Accusations based on hearsay and aprioristic arguments without conclusive proofs never convince. This is the emphatic opinion of the Celt who lives in Ireland, the Niobe of Nations.

Then, England's absolute lack of statesmanship has contributed largely to Ireland's indifference of France's victory in this war. It is not that Ireland loves France less now than in '70, but she hates England more. Had the British Government applied its experiences of the past at the commencement of this war, France might not have suffered so terribly and bled so copiously. The golden solution of the relations of the Allies and Ireland was there and England pretended to be blind as the man in the Gospel, who shouted—"Son of David, have mercy on me." England should have trusted Ireland as she did trust Canada. In Canada the two peoples—Saxon and French—were almost at war, and the two Creeds distrusted each other. Yet both were eager for union with England, although the spirit of Washington had not failed to

permeate beyond the American border. For years the English Government could only think of coercion as a means of unity until when the Canadians were ready to take Home Rule by arms. They were refused when they pressed for it by argument—as we in Ireland were. Finally there emerged a free Canada, and the scares of terrorists proved false. To-day that colony of rebels has become a model of Imperial allegiance. It shows lack of political honesty and intellectual sanity to say Nationalism seeks disruption within the British Empire. An Irish Republic may or may not be ruined in a month by an alteration of a few pence in the Continental tariffs, but an Empire with a crushed India and a chain-bound Ireland heads foremost to its own ruin.

John Redmond defined Ireland's plea in 1886 when he said:—"By Irish independence we mean liberty for every Irishman, whether in his veins runs the blood of the Celt or the Norman, the Cromwellian or the Williamite, whether he professes the ancient Faith of Ireland or the newer Creed which has given to our country some of the bravest and purest of her patriots." This Liberty Canada has won. Verily do I believe that if Ireland could be moved seven thousand miles from England, her Predominant Partner would not withhold her liberty so long. She is too near England to be free while England is powerful. Ireland must have been the last act of the Almighty on the last day! Even in 1914—when Ireland forgot

the past and gave her sons in the fight for freedom (whilst she was in slavery)—England was jealous of her. In vain did the enthusiastic Celt beg to be allowed to wear the Green Flag. Orange officers commanded Nationalist soldiers. Turk, Jew, or Pagan could secure a commission in the army, but the Irish Papists like Captain Willie Redmond had to join as privates. Every plan of Mr. Redmond's was frustrated. Yet never at any time could England have won Ireland easier than in August, 1914, if she were only magnanimous. Noble souls like Pearse and O'Rahilly would have died for France instead of for Ireland had England given our country colonial government. England would have needed no soldiers in Dublin then if the Rebellion of 1916 took place whilst an Irish Parliament ruled in Dublin. But stupidity and prejudice made England play the hypocrite. She shouted "I am out to free Belgium" whilst the ghost of a slain but unconquered Ireland haunted her. And so, if France's recent antagonism to Catholicism made Irishmen pray for her chastisement, it is equally certain that it was England's hypocrisy and stupidity that hindered the Celt of Ireland from rushing to save France in her agony at the Marne and at Amiens. The Irishman of to-day has realised after centuries of oppression that good government can only come from good men. Gladstone said that Parnell was the only person before whom the House of Commons quailed. And Ireland had to make Eng-



land quail to bring her to a sense of justice. France suffered very considerably in consequence.

Some people have no sense of the ridiculous ! Even at this sad moment of Irish history, when England has passed Conscription over Ireland's head, the Predominant Partner has uttered the cry—"Why not revive the glory of the Irish Brigade?" She says Sinn Fein has been accused of collusion with the Germans, and of polluting its hands with the touch of German money. To the Celt who loves France such a collusion is race treason. The international issue to-day is as clear as in 1870. If the Allies fail to secure victory Ireland, no less than France and England, will be overwhelmed in the same cataclysm. Ireland realises this. She sees France in dire need and her manpower strained to its extremest limits. Ireland would gladly give a helping hand to her old friend, but English Prussianism envelops her own shores. She must defend herself. Sheridan's words, slightly altered, may be applied to Ireland to-day. They read : "Hitherto England has contended with princes without dignity, numbers without ardour, and peoples without patriotism; she has yet to learn what it is to combat a nation animated by one spirit against her." That nation is Ireland, and the lesson is—well, "wait and see." Ireland hears the voice of France calling her. Her soldiers to-day are as fine specimens of humanity as their ancestors who turned the tide of many battles from Marsaglia and Cremona to Fonte-

noy. But they are marching up and down the roads of Ireland, seething with military ardour, and waiting to cross swords with English soldiers. Ireland is now in the real business of war. England got Redmond slandered and finally killed him. He, like Christ before Pilate, "answered never a word." To-day Lloyd George has thrown off the mask. Redmond was the Bayard of politics and the knight "without fear and without reproach." Every action of his brought a smile to the beauteous face of the Dark Rosaleen. But Lloyd George has stabbed Erin and opened her wounds when her dead Leader and Democracy's friend was scarcely cold in his tomb. Furthermore, with unchristian indecency he has endeavoured to misrepresent Mr. Redmond's views on Conscription. His views were clear from his speech delivered at Waterford in October, 1916, when he said :—"Conscription in Ireland, so far from helping the army and the war, would be the most fatal thing that could happen. It would be resisted in every village in Ireland. Its attempted enforcement would be a scandal which would ring round the world. This demand for Conscription is not a genuine military demand. It is a base political device, put forward by men who want to injure and discredit Ireland's political future, and to revive, by any and every means, bad blood between the two countries."

This brutal proposal of Conscription is one of the vilest, insulting, and most anti-democratic

laws ever passed by English autocrats against Ireland since the cessation of the Penal Code. England during the whole of the nineteenth century has been draining Ireland. She now tries to misrepresent her before the Allies. "Look, Ireland is making us lose the war," she cries. Isaac Butt said her aim a century ago was to substitute the prosperity of "flocks and herds for the homes and habitations of men." Her aim to-day is to misrepresent Ireland before the Allies. Ireland has been bleeding since the accursed day she came under British sway. It is on a country so bled that the new Sangrados propose to levy an indiscriminate blood-tax. If the crime is consummated, Ireland will bleed again, but she will recover. Her spirit is immortal. France has never recovered the holocaust of 1870, although then it was teeming with the elements of fertility. Humanly it would seem that Ireland can never recover. Her marriage rate is the lowest in Europe; her birth-rate is the lowest in the British Isles, and her death-rate is the highest. Her enemies would like to see the huts of the Celt as rare on the banks of the Shannon as the wigwams of the Indians on the banks of the Susquehannah.

Even the Premier's packed Convention maintained that Conscription for Ireland was a matter for an Irish Parliament to decide, whilst the *Herald*, the English national Labour weekly, says :—

"The present Government has no moral status. It



is committed to the secret treaties, the Paris Conference Resolutions, the Knock-out Blow, the Conscription of Ireland, and every sort of wickedness. It has never appealed to anything but naked force, and if it began to appeal to decency or common sense our enemies could only interpret that as hypocrisy—a change of tone forced on us by defeat. Nothing could be more disastrous. But a new government with a clean sheet—a Labour Government—would suffer from no such disability.

“ We all know the Lloyd George recipes for certain and early victory. They are (choose where you please, according to taste and date) the last ton of shipping, the last shilling, the last man, the last drop of blood, the last drop of non-alcoholic drink, the last potato, the last American—and now the last Irishman.

“ Surely no one in this country in history before has displayed such mingled truculence and irresponsibility as Mr. Lloyd George. He knows that Ireland will not have Conscription : he knows what horrors, what unspeakable horrors, of revolt and suppression the attempt to impose Conscription on Ireland must evoke. What is he playing at?

“ It is not only that Ireland will resist Conscription. It is also that the moral consciousness of both England and America will be outraged. Thousands of men who would be willing to acquiesce in Conscription in England so long as there was any pretence left that this was really a war for the liberty of small nations,

will not acquiesce in being forced to take up arms when those arms may be turned against a small nation, and used to suppress every principle for which this country first took up arms. The loss of morale, the loss of confidence, the loss of prestige, the loss of life that are involved—have Mr. Lloyd George and his Prussianising colleagues no thought for these? Or for anything? They are risking the loss of everything."

Whilst Lloyd George threatens to bleed Ireland white, to exterminate its manhood, and thus complete the work in which Cromwell failed, the farmers of Ireland are crying for labourers, and England pleads for more food. "Grow food and defeat the Germans" is to-day's slogan. Ireland has been supplying food to England since the war. Conscription would stop it at once.

In the long lists of British protests against Lloyd George's anti-democratic legislation, one is especially noteworthy. It is from *The Manchester Guardian*, which has always championed Ireland's cause. It says:—"The cause of liberty, even in a special degree of the smaller and weaker peoples, is the thing which, above all else, we are fighting for. . . . Nor is the fact that under the Home Rule Act, as under previous Home Rule Bills, Conscription could have been applied in Ireland relevant. When these were brought forward no one dreamt that Conscription could be applied in Great Britain. If

they had, the power of applying it would assuredly have been reserved to the Irish Parliament. That is how the matter stands on its merits."

No Irishman can underrate the gravity of the situation which now confronts his country. Any attempt to dragoon the people here will result in consequences which some of us who have witnessed the horrors of war shrink from contemplating. When the Bill was passed, Mr. Dillon remarked "It was the worst day's work ever England did." He might have added that the effect would reach farther than England. Abroad, also, the revival of the horrible methods of the press gang will create the gravest complications for England and her Allies. Such tyranny will be resented in the United States, in Canada, in Australia, and in every foreign land where Irish exiles have found a home. In Ireland it has been a blessing in disguise. It has closed our ranks. If Redmond's handling of the political situation after the General Election of 1910 has proved him to be the ablest politician of the time, certainly Lloyd George's act of passing Conscription over Ireland's head proves him not only to be the most unscrupulous of politicians, but what is better for us, the greatest healer of national ills to-day. In Ireland, united we stand, and divided, we refuse to crawl to England.

How can the British Government now appeal to Irishmen to die for liberty in Flanders whilst their own land remains in bondage? How could France



make this appeal, even though she sent General Patrice de MacMahon, Duc de Magenta? "Come and help us, brothers," cried the French of '70 to their Irish kinsmen. And Ireland answered that call. To-day she cannot revive the glories of the Irish Brigade. In the historic words of Parnell, "Ireland needs every man." Had not England fooled and blundered with Ireland, there is little doubt that Valera, with an Irish Brigade, would be at France's side in the battle which is now being waged for the coast line. By sheer stupidity the British Government has converted the man-power of Ireland into a hostile army. "Come and conscript me if you will, it is my corpse you will get," is the Irishman's answer to the autocrat's challenge. "Conscription is on the Statute Book," cried the little newsboys on Tuesday, April 16th, in Cork. Then the chorus took up the cry: "It is on the Statute Book and there it will remain." England may even force a rebellion by her latest act of treachery. Bad blood will be envenomed. The name of England will again be despised in America, and in all lands that love Liberty. England will be forced to lock up a large army in Ireland, whilst France shudders on the precipice awaiting her doom. Will France thank England when that day comes? England entered this war to kill Prussian oligarchy and militarism. To-day her brutal Irish policy overrules and overshadows everything. Yet never since the opposing legions led by Michael and Moloch clashed

in the heavens has there been such need for all men to declare whether they will autocracy to live or to die. Ireland's seeming indifference to this mighty issue may seem to many to be the betrayal of everything contained in the idea of chivalry. But England is responsible. Had she freed Ireland in August, 1914, the enemy might have been crushed long ago. Ireland as a nation has never rallied to the Teuton's cause. The so-called English policy after the fall of the Stuarts was one of German manufacture. It was German mercenaries who won the Battle of the Boyne. And so the Orangemen then as before the war hankered after the Teuton. For generations England had passed under the sway of the German military system. Irish immigrants captured the reins of Government in America. In England the Saxon was ousted by the Teuton. As a consequence England has been deluged with royal importations from Germany. The whole machinery of the British Government fell under their sway. The Celt proved himself too clever and assertive for the Saxon on the one side and the Teuton on the other. Hence they agreed to ostracise him. In the great offensive which was waged by the Germans in April of this year the plan was to force a wedge through the British and French lines. If they succeeded in this their object was achieved. England and Ireland never welded together either in the twelfth century or ever since. But the chasm between them was made deeper and deeper by the Teuton.

And so it is no small wonder that the Teuton alliance with the Orange Party in pre-war days should be transferred to the Sinn Fein Party in post-war days. The Teuton has always done his best to widen the gulf which separates the Saxon from the Celt. The pity is that France should suffer from want of Irish troops to-day. History will apportion the blame in the right direction. Ireland never loved France so passionately and never hated England so violently as to-day. She sings Angela Morgan's "Summons":

"Hate is the thing that will save mankind;  
We love too much in our witless way;  
Pulpit, sinner, and State allied,  
We are far too smug in our peace and pride.  
Nation of blind men leading blind,  
We are too dull in the psalms we say,  
In the hymns we sing and the prayers we pray—  
Insults flung in the face of Him  
And His flaming cherubim.  
Hate is the call we are waiting for,  
Trumpeting high o'er the boom of war,  
A hate so strong and a hate so wide  
No wrong can stand in its ruthless tide:  
Hate of tyranny, hate of lies,  
Hate of the world's hypocrisies.  
Hate of arrogance, hate of sword,  
Hate of system that mock the Lord;  
Hate of prayers to Prince of Peace  
For terror and war to cease.



“ Love is the thing that will save mankind  
We hate too much in the stupid way;  
Pulpit, sinner and State the same,  
Our wrath is fanning the frutal flame;  
Hate of Germany, furious, blind;  
Hate of English, or hate of Slav;  
Hate of foes and the gains they have . . .  
We are far too fierce in the prayers we pray,  
In the deeds we do and the things we say!  
Insults flung in the face of God  
While war is drenching the sod!  
Love is the call we are waiting for,  
Triumphing high o'er the boom of war—  
Not love that sits in a silken pew  
And plays the game of the fattened Few,  
Pleading for peace that man should make  
While guns are sold for the Lord Christ's sake;  
But love that hates, with a hate divine,  
The savage call of the firing line,  
Where man whose every pulse is love  
Must kill! kill! for the kings above.  
Kill! kill! though his sad heart break;  
Kill! kill! for his country's sake.

“ Hate is the power that will save the world;  
We hold too hard to the outworn things,  
Nations bending before the rod  
In the blood-red path their father's trod—  
Keeping the time-worn flag unfurled.

Love of "Honour" and love of kings,  
Love of war and the wrath it brings,  
Love of money and love of Creed  
In face of the sad world's need.  
Hate is the summons, loud and late—  
Hate that is love, love that is hate;  
A hate so strong and a love so wide  
No wrong can stand in their ruthless tide.  
Hate of jealousy, hate of strife,  
Love for the humblest human life.  
Love for the peoples wrecked by war,  
Hate of the goals they grovel for . . . .  
O Christ, most passionate Lover of all,  
Help us to answer Thy trumpet call;  
Rally all nations under the sun,  
Thy warring peoples pledge as one  
In a great world-oath of brotherhood  
To toil for the Future's good.  
If we hate with a hate that is sure enough,  
And love with a love that is pure enough  
Thy Dream for a man shall yet have birth,  
THY KINGDOM come on earth !"

An American philosopher reviewing the religion of George Bernard Shaw says :—" Ever since Lessing's time it has been known, that is to some, that the New Testament seemed to break down in the middle, with the Gospels on one side and the Epistles on the other. Here was 'the Religion of Christ,' there 'the

Christian Religion.' But Shaw will redivide the Gospels themselves into the social and spiritual, or 'Salvationist,' as he styles it. As social reformer, Christ became anxious to know how His message was being received and what sort of an impression it was making upon the Twelve for whom Simon Peter spoke when he said, 'Thou art the Christ, Son of the living God.' According to Shaw that settled it, and the Reformer turned Redeemer. Previously He had discoursed destructively upon the subjects of private property (sell all and follow), the inferiority of family relationship (who is my mother, my brother?), the absurdity of funeral rites (let the dead bury the dead), the comical custom of taxing people (of whom do kings take taxes?), and the ridiculousness of the world as organised by the sons of men. Simon Peter's suggestion taken in earnest, the Reformer dropped his Fabianism, and proceeded to precincts where Mr. Shaw does not care to follow Him."

Mr. Shaw's division in the realm of religion has been England's policy in the realm of politics in Ireland. It was England that made the '98 Rebellion. Her misrule caused the '48 and '67 revolts also. England still shouts "Liberty for Small Nations," but Ireland groans beneath her tyrannical laws. In life, you can set it down as a sure shot, that he who boasts the loudest does the least. A man always yowls the biggest about that of which he has the least. And nations are no exception to this rule. France stood



up as the great champion of human freedom and the right of the population to dispose of their own destinies in 1870. Even an English statesman, Lord John Russel, avowed the same principle. There was only one country that he excepted from this principle, and that was Ireland. Lloyd George avows to-day in the Press and on the platform that England is the champion of self-determination policy. There is only one exception, and again it is Ireland. Irishmen do not forget that in '98 France sent to the shores of Ireland a larger expedition in ships and soldiers than ever she sent to America. Ireland has done her best to show her gratitude.

To-day England seeks to injure Ireland before the Allies, and especially before France and America by systematic misrepresentation of her war attitude. She suppresses American news as easily as the learning of law, music, and architecture in bygone days. She seeks to stifle Ireland's claims to representation at a Peace Conference by shaking the emasculated Home Rule Bill of 1914 before her eyes. And even this simulacrum of Liberty she may only have provided she accepts the right of the Imperial Parliament to conscript Irishmen in Ireland. For centuries she sneered at our Gaelic literature as she does now at our resistance to her latest immoral law which binds no Irishman in Ireland in conscience. "The gates of promotion are shut," exclaimed Grattan after the passing of the Union Act, "and the gates of glory are

opened." Ireland's day of glory has come. She is ready to shed more blood if further sacrifices are needed. Better no bread than three-quarters of a poisoned loaf. She will not accept a shadow at a time when the substance was never so near. It is now or never! Never since the Norman conquest was England so hard pressed. Erin, that weighty and precious barque, still sails through the Scylla and Charybdis of politics which lie at the entrance of the golden Ansonia of peace and prosperity beyond. When the standard of Liberty is unfurled in Dublin, one of the greatest cries through Ireland that day will be the old Celtic cry of Sarsfield, "*Vive la France.*"

## CHAPTER VI.

### RUSSIA.

“THE Polish Question,” Napoleon said, “is the key to the European vault.” It has always been dear to the heart of the Celt, and especially since the future peace of Central Europe largely depends upon its settlement. If the Irish Question has assumed an international aspect since the rebellion of 1916, the Polish Question has equally become a world-wide problem since the recognition by the Central Powers, on November 5th, 1916, of the independence of the Kingdom of Poland. Russia, like England, has been making rosy promises and tearing up treaties as easily as Germany tore up the Belgian treaty or England the Limerick one of bygone days. These twin despots have gone on century after century adding blots to their escutcheons at the expense of Ireland and Poland. The martyrdom of these twins in Faith is history’s greatest crime since that of Calvary. Strange to say, each lost their independence about the same time. Ireland was sold by Pitt and his associates in 1799, whilst Poland was dismembered and divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria in 1794. But



just as England's attempt to divide Ireland by her plantation scheme has failed to kill the National spirit of Ulster—where the majority to-day clamour for a free Ireland—so divided Poland, developing under entirely different conditions in three sections, has retained an intense and vigorous nationality. Ireland has taken advantage of each war of England to assert her own historic and legitimate claims to freedom. She marched by France in '70 as truly as Colonel Arthur Lynch marched by the Boers a few years ago. Poland, at each European upheaval, has shown an unceasing passion for freedom by the sacrifice of men and money. Ireland time after time, has been promised freedom, if she would only help England in a crisis. But, England has broken every promise she has ever made with Ireland. Her statesmanship is in a state of moral bankruptcy. "Germany is fighting for Culture, England for Honour," said an Irishman. "Yes," said his friend, "but I think both are fighting for what they haven't got." Treachery and injustice have hitherto been the only rewards granted for the blood and bravery of the Celt and the Pole.

Poland, like Ireland, has been often watered with the tears and the blood of her sons. The Pole like the Celt to-day is as deeply impressed as he ever was with the sanctity and justice of his country's Cause. Politically Poland like Ireland has been unfortunate, but like her fellow sufferer too, never subdued.

"Thou art not conquered yet, Ireland," even by the Welsh Demon, is Ireland's cry to-day. England in her literature has jibed and sneered at Ireland and has treated Poland no better. When she was not prejudiced she was unfriendly. "Disunity in Ireland is due to the clergy" was an old English allegation. The Predominant Partner has said similar things of Poland. Could England but win the world's ear as easily as she has captured a considerable part of the American Press, Poland, like Ireland, would be left unaided and unpitied.

Mr. Redmond believed that victory for the Allies spelled Freedom for Poland as well as Ireland. His action did not condone any of Russia's own atrocities. Whether he was right or wrong the historian of the future must decide. The *Cologne Gazette* in a characteristic passage remarks:—"One can say of the late Irish Leader, that he died at the right time, because had he lived he would have been compelled to witness the wreck of his great plan for reconciliation between Ireland and England." Certainly, reconciliation between Ireland and England on the one hand, and Poland and Russia on the other hand was Redmond's dearest wish in championing the Allies' cause. Poland and Lithuania, said Germany, were already self-defined as wishing to be attached to Prussia. They were hers and she was determined to keep them. Cromwell is supposed to have said "Ireland was worth having." At least England

agrees and is determined to hold it. If Ireland goes to a Peace Conference, things may not turn out too good for England. History is a nuisance at times! It is as doubtful whether Poland and Lithuania have expressed a wish to be annexed to Germany as it is that Ireland ever even desired to be enrolled among the colonies of England. The German assertion, like the English, was wholly and gratuitously false and a piece of naked and unashamed trickery. Like England of old, when this war was begun, it was Germany's intention to hold everything that she had conquered. The spirit of Nationality to her counted for nothing. She really believed that the Pole and Teuton would fuse into some third human specimen called a Prussian. In the words of Gilbert Chesterton, she might as well have tried to make a quadruped from two bipeds.

Germany felt the taunt of the Polish Question just as England now shudders when she hears the cry "What of Ireland?" A redress of grievances was at once promised for Polish co-operation in this war. And the only solution the Pole would listen to was complete independence. Every particle of Polish earth is reddened with the blood of her martyred dead. Like Ireland, she has produced her Emmets and her Pearses. Like Ireland too she is wedged in between two deadly opponents. She was as jubilant when Russia scored a military advantage over Germany as when Germany fell before Russia. The



psychology of Ireland was no different. "Germany has done us no harm, but England refuses to free us," said a fellow-countryman. That was and is Ireland's view-point in this war. Assuredly, had England freed Ireland, the Celt would be the most violent of Allies. As it stands now, Ireland is on the ditch, to use a colloquialism. And so when the red flag—the banner of New Russian Democracy—was draped over the Czar's palace—Poland was jubilant. Aristocracy and despotism crushed meant Liberty for the Pole. His eyes were rivetted on the inscription on the banner—"Long live free Russia"! He chanted one song :

"Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years,  
Just be glad."

The bishop in one of H. G. Wells' books may deny that Christ gave man either a theology or Church organization. No one can deny that God made man to be free, said the Pole.

Sienkiewicz, the great Polish novelist, has been as slandered as Sheehan, by English critics. "Both wrote for peasants," said critics. "John McCormick can only sing Irish songs," said an ignorant critic recently in New York. When the same critic heard the "King of Concert" sing, he was quickly disillusioned. Even the *New York Times* went out of

its way to overrate Jack London's powers as a novelist at the expense of Sienkiewicz. Yet the author of *Quo Vadis* is the greatest novelist the Polish nation ever had. He may have lacked accuracy of detail, but the man who can't make mistakes can't make anything. The history of Italian literature shows us that the Renaissance began with Petrarch's Latin writings and was drawing to its end when the earliest works of Machiavelli and Guicciardini appeared. Altogether it covers the greater part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is a vastly important period, for it was then that Italian thought and culture underwent a radical transformation, and exercised an enormous influence through the whole of Europe. In the *Divine Comedy* and lyrics of Dante and Petrarch the Italians have given proof of genuine originality and have risen to a really glorious height. Dante was a warm admirer of antiquity, and Virgil was his faithful guide through the mazes of Hell. But Petrarch was the first Italian showing real delight in beautiful landscapes. And Sienkiewicz began a new epoch in Polish literature also. Scott may have paved the way to a Catholic revival; Garvice may feed the madding crowd who love impossible love stories without plot or style; but neither can measure up to the Sheehan of Poland. Hugo and Dumas can depict with an effect that is compelling, but their standard is not that of the author of *Quo Vadis*. That perfectly delightful

book *She Stands Alone* is of deep interest because of its historical background. But *Quo Vadis* is powerful in structure and wonderful in analysis. It is the first novel in history which shows why the Christian idea gripped the Roman mind. After reading *Come Rack, Come Rope* you know what England suffered, and what she lost in the sixteenth century. When the reader finishes *Quo Vadis* he learns why Rome became Christian and why the present world has become pagan. Puritans never liked Cobbet's *History of the Reformation* because it told the truth. And Protestants do not like *Quo Vadis* because it made St. Peter prominent at St. Paul's expense. The New Testament is equally unpopular to-day in the eyes of such critics, since according to their theory, Peter, Pilate, and Caiphas appear in its pages as zealous pacifists.

When Freedom was proclaimed in Petrograd Russia, with its conglomeration of little kingdoms, acclaimed the new era with shouts of great jubilation. Throughout the length and breadth of the vast country, from the frozen wastes of Siberia to the sunny clime of Crimea, a pæan of joy, hope, and liberty arose out of millions of hearts, and found an echo in the hearts of other millions all over the world. Even Ireland greeted the new Russian Republic. The doors of the dungeons into which the beast of Czardom cast the finest and best that Russia produced—men and women of high ideals—were thrown open and less



than a quarter of a million victims of autocracy were liberated. For if England had her Tasmania where Irishmen were chained for desiring to be free, Russia had Siberia, which has become a by-word for cruelty of the most devilish kind.

Poor crushed Poland had, like Ireland, been demanding freedom for many a year. And dreams come true! At least the Russian peasants' did! The blackest crimes of autocracy and the hypocrisy of Czardom had been the very menace of Russian life. Thousands lived in fear either of death or exile of the Russian Court. The horrid rule of the Romanoffs had made assassins out of noble ladies and Neroes out of Aristotles. People were afraid to speak in public. Cities and towns were honeycombed with spies. And at last the Russian's dream of a free nation was realised! The freeing of the Serfs by Alexander II. in 1860 was the result of a young revolutionary movement. Russia, like England, would yield nothing till force was resorted to. But Young Russia of to-day began to think, to reason, and to compare. She saw her power as Young Ireland does. She arose and smashed in twain the chains which bound her to such despots as the Czar and Rasputin. It is quite a controvertible topic whether woman is as great an intellectual as man. Who is the representative of womanhood—Mrs. Sydney Webb, or Catherine of Russia? Is it Mrs. Humphrey Ward or Joan of Arc? When Shakespeare asserts

"Frailty, thy name is woman," he leads no nearer to the solution of this complex question. However, the women of Russia, like the women of Ireland in the 1916 Rebellion, left everything behind them—home, riches, culture, and honours—and entered into the campaign for Freedom. Poland relied on Young Russia as Ireland relied on the Democracy of England in the early part of the twentieth century, to achieve its rights. The ignorance of the Russian peasant began to be dispelled. Schools were opened and young Russians were taught the Polish, the Irish, and the democratic principle—the land of Russia for the Russian people. Soon awakened Russian youth urged reform and abolition of serfdom. In this new movement lay Poland's hope. And thus the revolution began a new era for Poland as well as Russia.

The Russian revolution was hailed by all true lovers of Democracy with acclamation—for this age of ours is pre-eminently a sociological age—men are thinking to-day in terms of social life. It would be safe to say that more books dealing with social questions have come from the Press within the last quarter of a century than in all the previous centuries of the world's history. Each one has his views on Church Establishment, but the persistent demand to crush absolutism unites all Democrats. "Ride over the dogs," shouted a modern society lady to her driver in a London strike in recent years, as the automobile glided past the strikers. But the day has come in

Europe when "the dogs" will possess their own. There is a widespread awakening to the facts of all humanity and a consequent interest in them. It is a democratic age. We may go farther and affirm that it is an age when Democracy once and for all will be the world's ruling power. The roots of this great movement were planted in France, and the flowers have not burst into bloom until the present generation.

This theme for making the world free for Democracy, is the justification of the continuance of this bloody massacre by the Allies. The man-in-the-street does not want war to a finish but a finish of war. The principle spells Liberty for the Celt and the Pole, the Armenian and the Serbian—in a word for all crushed and oppressed people. Unless the principle admits of universal application, then the Allies cry is a deliberate hoax. We can hardly claim to have risen to the common consciousness of our time, if we are not ready to recognise that the cause of the martyred Thomas Ashe is as dear to the heart of the Lover of Liberty as was the death of Edith Cavell to the modern Anglo-Saxon. Again, if the Allies swear to plant Freedom's banner in Brussels, they must cry down the terrorism of Carranza's bloody regime in Mexico. Yet the American Administration has been treating Carranza as if he were Vincent de Paul instead of remembering that he is playing the rôle of Nero. Frankly, I accept all the facts which Monsignor Kelly of Chicago produces on this Mexican



situation. Few can speak more authoritatively than he can. Not only did he witness some of the atrocities which he describes, but he has been furnished with authentic data by the bishops of Mexico—who had to flee from their country by reason of the anti-democratic and pagan rule of its President. This Mexican question is the one great blot on the American Administration. Why America looked on at the cruelties enacted under Carranza no one has yet tried to explain. It is an undoubted fact that the Catholic vote in America at the last Presidential election went against Wilson largely on his mismanagement of the Mexican situation. “Oh, does the chewing-gum lose its flavour on the bed-post overnight” is the ragtime of the modern society lady in America. But the old pagan cry of “throw the Christians to the lions” is Carranza’s ragtime in this great age of Democracy. And liberty-loving America has looked on and, like the man with the one talent, done nothing. What is worse, she has recognised the tyrant as *de jure* ruler of Mexico since August 31st of last year. Here is the supreme paradox of war! America sends troops to France to free Belgium, and Mexico is allowed to be bound in chains to a despot, a criminal, and a robber!

England too has looked on at this bloody Mexican regime and done nothing. What is worse, she has given financial aid to Mexico by paying British holders of Mexican bonds the overdue interest. This has

smoothed the path for Carranza, the outrager of religion and morality. Even English Catholics contributed in no small way to extend the Kingdom of Satan on earth by their contributions when they should have shown their abhorrence for a tyrant who drove the Mexican hierarchy from the land of their birth. Criticism of England by H. G. Wells in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* was cut out in the Russian translation because it was the criticism of a powerful Ally. But the English Censor could not prevent the story of Modern Mexico's persecution spreading to every clime where liberty-loving people were anxious that no nation, however small and weak, shall be destroyed. To-day it is as much the Allies' duty to free the Mexican as the Pole, and the Celt as the Indian, if they will be true to their own democratic protestations. Bigoted partisans of the Kingsley or Charles Read school have thought of the Mexican as a brute, and the Spaniard as a devil. We have outlived these one-sided views. The Jew and the Celt have walked together as twin victims of malicious slanderers for many a year. They were alike in this—that they were wanderers. One lost their country and the other was not allowed to rule theirs. If we are the custodians of Democracy we must in justice see that others have those privileges which we claim. The new social conscience which this war has evolved demands that a man of accumulated millions shall use it for the good of humanity. Labour leaders are

making that very wise suggestion that wealth should be conscripted, and the Countess of Warwick has set our landed proprietors a good example. Our social sense and protestations of sacrifice for freedom of the world at large demands at once that we shall use this altruistic civilisation of ours to elevate those less fortunate than ourselves. The Celt who wants his land free and wishes Poland in chains is no more a democrat than was that Irishman a fool who bowed his head on the battlefield to let a shell pass, remarking, "you never knew a man to lose anything by being polite." It may be that the political issues of peace will be regulated by diplomats who probably will not ask our opinions. But the striving for freedom for others is the index of our sincerity. Those who enjoy freedom and do not wish to give it to others are too egotistic for our altruistic days. The present rulers in Mexico have stolen and confiscated all property. Liberty of Conscience there, is just what it was in England under Elizabeth. If the Allies still shout Democracy and allow official blackmail coupled with an irresponsible executive holding office for years and forever ineligible of re-election in Mexico, to do there what the Germans have done in Belgium and the Turks on the Armenians, then they give the lie to their own democratic protestations.

There are nations, like people, who seem to have been born to misfortune, and Russia undeniably belongs to the number. "The ingratitude of the



world never showed itself in a more brutal manner than during those days when Russia, who for centuries had been prostrated at the feet of her Czars, forced the last of them to abdicate," says an admirer of the Romanoff dynasty. Why the simple Russian peasant who was intellectually starved ever endured the absolutism of Czardom is one of the great puzzles of our day. The throne of the Romanoffs should have fallen long ago. Queen Victoria's biographer can never describe her as strong-willed. Her failure to resist the influence of Disraeli and Gladstone and her Teutonic bias, are especially noticeable in her life study. Many even think that were it not for her ambition to work for a strong Prussia and a united Germany that the German propaganda would have never developed. Germany even boasted of the friendly and even enthusiastic support and assistance from the Queen of England at that time. Her biographer summarizing says :—"It was the end of a woman of great sincerity. If she made many mistakes, alienating in turn different sections of her people, it must be remembered that she was born in 1818 and had helped to drag England out of the disgusting quagmire of immorality in which the people were sunk from the time of the Stuarts till the end of the Georges." But the modern England would never tolerate an ancient George with his laxity any more than it would be ruled by a John with his severity. Russia next to Germany was one of the few living examples of

absolute monarchy. The modern optimist is a person who will go into a restaurant without a cent in his pocket and figure on paying for the meal with the pearl he hopes to find in the oyster. No restaurant owner wants such a customer. And no nation in our day wants an absolute monarch, who in sleep dreams of his Divine Right. Yeats undoubtedly has done splendid service to English poetry and has written some of the most beautiful lyrics and poetic dramas in the English language. No one would wish him because he says he is Irish to murmur Latin and snuff incense, but it is obvious that he is more poetic than Catholic, and more dramatic than Irish. Czardom and Kaiserdom may have suited their times, but such gross and tyrannical forms of government have outlived their day. Jane Austen in her novels introduces the reader to a world of ladies and gentlemen—the modern world has tired of such horrid relics of antiquity as aristocracy and oligarchy. Robert Louis Stevenson loved dogs most passionately and we moderns be we Christians or Fabians, love democracy no less vehemently. It is related that when Olga, the Czar's favourite daughter, was told that her father was made a prisoner, she turned her head to the wall and wept bitterly; then, addressing the Sister of Mercy who was sitting at her bedside, she simply said: "All this is nothing, provided I am allowed to be with papa; he will be the most unhappy among us all. I have but one favour to ask the New Government and

that is to be allowed to remain with papa." To-day the daughters of the Czar are going through that tragedy of life which that other victim of the passions of a revolution, the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—the woman whom history was to know as the last Dauphiness. Slightly altering Olga's words, the Celt and the Pole, the Armenian and the Roumanian, the Belgian and the Serb; all who look from the broader viewpoint of international politics see the good of Civilisation and Democracy depend on the Allies success, cry out: "We have but one favour to ask and that is to let our protestation of liberty be universal. The Standard of Liberty must fly in Delhi as well as in Dublin, in Mexico as well as in Egypt, in Antwerp as well as in Paris, and in Serbia as well as in Roumania. There must be no exceptions—this war must make the world safe for Democracy."

When the revolution took place Russia was ablaze with a new patriotism. Public opinion in Germany was differently moved. Socialists were inclined to blame their own government for its perfidy. The young Russian had an equal grudge against the Czar who had sold his country to Germany. Even the simplicities of the Russian mind must have learned the lesson of guile. Kerensky—the much over-rated Russian Lloyd George, never represented that people. He was as much out of touch with young Russia as John Redmond was with young Ireland. The English Press distorted Russian news and gulled the



public to believe that Russia was an Ally when she was not. Young Russia having killed autocracy wanted peace with both Saxon and Teuton. England did her best to preserve the Russian alliance, but, as in Ireland, her stupid government dealt with the wrong party. It supported the Orangemen of Russia. There are many advantages in leading a popular patriotic crusade when the wind seems to sit in that quarter, and when it promises relief from internal troubles almost as great as those that come from abroad. There is an old Spanish proverb which says:—"When a Spaniard is driving a nail into the wall, and his hammer breaks, the Spaniard will drive the nail in with his head." Unfortunately, some Irish politicians supported this anti-democratic subterfuge. But, England's Russian policy drove that people out of the alliance. She may have gained Greece but she lost Russia. She backed the wrong horse there, as racing men would say. If the *Faerie Queene* was designed to show Spenser's conception of a gentleman, the losing of Russia in this war clearly indicated that blundering British statesmanship which has marked every stage of this great conflict.

Russia was in a perilous plight for at least half a year before the British public was informed. She was between the devil and the deep sea. The Czar had been setting his compass for that point from the very commencement of the war. Yet he was shown in "the movies" as "our most loyal ally." He had

deliberately corrupted his own army and expelled every general of note. This was invariably done at the suggestion of the "zealous" Rasputin and the Teuton Czarina. Poor divided Russia could offer no military resistance to the German attack. Germany knew this and that knowledge formed the basis of the German demands. Germany consequently had almost enslaved Russia. Russia was disarmed, stupefied, and emasculated at her bidding. Her old Allies felt little disposed to help her since Rasputin had linked her with the Teuton. Grand Duke Nicholas did his best, but "the holy monk" was the power behind the throne. Erasmus, we read in history, was erudite, witty, and satirical, but the future historian will chronicle Rasputin as wicked, hypocritical, and cunning. Macaulay devotes considerable space to that old discussion of History's worst character. Some have bestowed that dishonour on Alexander VI.; others on Nero; and not a few on Luther. But Rasputin will have few rivals among moderns.

Again, the English Press explained the successes of the recent advance in the West by the assertion that Germany had withdrawn a very large number of men from the Russian front. That she would move many troops from that quarter while Russia is even now heaving with indignation seems incredible. Germany may hold the Russian army in light esteem, and probably does so, but she cannot afford to risk the

chance of a mass war, which was the one thing she dreaded in France in 1870 after the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Knowing history as well as she is skilled in organisation, she does not feel even now that she has a superfluous man or gun on the Russian frontier. Germany having waged war on Russia has now to conclude peace with her. It is by no means certain which is the easier. Dido did nothing but watch the sea after Aenas had left her; Germany has still to watch Russia and recuperate herself at the expense of that nation. England waited till Ireland was torn in pieces by the horrid viper of disunity before she dared to pass Conscription. And Germany waited patiently until the wild-eyed Bolsheviki should reduce Russia to impotence, and then presented her bill of peace. Historically the Prussian caste are opposed to liberty, but the independence of the Finns, Ukrainians, and the Poles brought joy to Berlin. It caused trouble in Petrograd and kept Russia divided, and that was akin to a military victory for Germany.

The Teuton believed too that Italy would fall a dread victim to his devices as easily as Russia had. There can be little doubt that the enemy did not prepare for a winter campaign in the Italian mountains. The Kaiser counted on having his Christmas dinner in London in the first year of the war and then spending the winter of 1917 on the Venetian plains. Alas, it was a midsummer's dream for him. We may be fairly certain that the Teuton schedule included the



collapse of Russia and Italy, to be followed by peace proposals based unavowedly on the annexation of enough Russian territory to pay the costs of the war. But, the Kaiser's dentist must have since told him that he had bitten off—in his dreams—more than he could chew. The Italian campaign has proved a failure as regards military advantage. However, a diplomatic triumph in Russia with the booty actually in the bank has proved a solace to German disappointment at the Italian fiasco. Germany has shot her bolt in Italy, and it has failed. Italian lethargy has disappeared as a consequence. "It would be astonishing," writes Canon William Barry, "if at this time of day we put our trust in protocols, treaties, or any other form of parchment and beeswax, though signed by all the Chancelleries that yet survive. Our 'guarantees' must be living and armed nations, resolute as never before to perish fighting if they would not live as slaves." The Bulgarians are neither Slavs nor Asiatics, but rather unsavoury mixture of the two, with the vices of both and the virtues of neither. If there is no great love between the real pro-Ally supporter and the Italian and the Russian, there is certainly no love lost between the Teutons and Bulgarians. It was Sydney Smith who said that one of the most terrible things in life was to be preached at by a rebellious young curate. This European War has not only exposed national hypocrisies, but has begun an era of international

hate. History gives the legend of the thirsty priest who always supped at midnight. One night the parrot called just as the clock struck midnight. It is related that the priest caught the parrot by the throat till he finished his beverage. After twenty centuries of Christianity instead of turning our cheek to our adversary, we proceed to cut his throat. To-day we use science to kill instead of to save. Addison contended that worldly success demanded five per cent. of genius and ninety-five per cent of plodding. Modern autocrats have decided that paganism pays a better percentage than Christianity. "Billy Sunday's familiarity with God is that of a boy whose father is his constant companion," says a critic. At least he makes no use of what modern scholars term the "patois de Canaan." But he is frankly intolerant of wickedness. Had England and Russia been as intolerant of hypocrisy in their treatment of grave national issues within their respective empires, the Allies' war aims of 1918 and 1914 would not seem so glaringly inconsistent. The surgeon before operating sees that the patient's skin is coated with iodine because iodine is a good sterilizer. And when the eyes become stiff, and the jaw rigid, he knows a state of unconsciousness is reached. He then makes an incision. Absolute order is seen in every operation.

Unfortunately, very little order and much less honesty has characterised the primitively just cause of the Allies of 1914. There is the muddling of the Irish

question. There is England's refusal to recognise the *de facto* government in Russia and thus alienating the sympathy of the many for the wish of the few. There is the scandalous apathy of America and England over the Mexican question. There is the proven case of a secret treaty between France, Russia, Italy, and England. At least the Germans guessed right when they said that the whole success of their dash to Paris, and consequently the fate of the whole campaign, depended on their obliterating the forts at Liege at the first shot. Leman kept them at bay before Liege for many days. Great in importance as the battle of the Marne was, it was that delay at Liege which left the Germans without a chance of victory. Had Liege fallen then without delay, the war would have ended long ago. Yet the most glaring incident of stupidity lay in the whole question of war in the air. "Niagra is really wonderful," said an American. "It would be still more wonderful to find the man who could stop it," replied his Irish friend. No one—whether it was Mr. Wells or Mr. Billing—could make the British Government stop minimising the importance of a properly equipped air fleet. Mr. Wells says:—

"In many respects this war has been an amazing display of human inadaptability. The military history of the war has still to be written, the grim story of machinery misunderstood, improvements resisted, antiquated methods persisted in; but the broad facts are already before the public mind. After



three years of war the air offensive, the only possible decisive blow, is still merely talked of. And at least equally remarkable is the dragging inadaptability of European statecraft. Everywhere the failure of ministers and statesmen to rise to the urgent definite necessities of the present time is glaringly conspicuous. They seem to be incapable even of thinking how the war may be brought to an end.

“ They seem incapable of that plain speaking to the world audience which alone can bring about a peace. They keep on with the tricks and feints of a departed age, with bureau politics. Both on the side of the Allies and on the side of the Germans the declarations of public policy remain childishly vague and disingenuous, childishly “ diplomatic.” They chatter like happy imbeciles while civilisation bleeds to death. It was perhaps to be expected. Few, if any, men of forty-five readjust themselves to changed conditions, however novel and challenging the change may be, and nearly all the leading figures in these affairs are elderly men trained in a tradition of ineffectiveness, and now overworked and overstrained to a pitch of complete inelasticity.”

We talk of our war aims, but what are they? In 1914 they could be summarised as crossing the Rhine, and freeing every small nation. Incidentally crushing militarism, and in G. K. Chesterton's words— “ Consigning the Kaiser to a public house.” In 1918 the whole outlook has altered. To-day Lloyd George

is prepared to stay near the Thames, to leave the question of Alsace-Lorraine to a Peace Conference; to keep Ireland in chains, and at the same time conscript her manhood if he dares; and, of course, not to dictate the exact form of government under which the Germans will live. By all means they may keep the Kaiser, though absolute monarchies are slightly out of date. When a child swallowed a half-penny a priest and not a doctor was summoned. For the father said the priest was the best man to get money out of one. After four years waging war against German Imperialism, the British Government has now decided to let the Germans keep the Kaiser since they can't blast him to eternity. Could anything be more senile, more feebly artful, than those inconsistent utterances of British statesmen in 1914 and 1918? To secure a world-wide peace we must settle once and for all the Polish, the Irish, the Armenian, the Turkish and other crying and historic scandals. The African question must be settled also. In China each province has its own language. In Africa nearly every modern nation has its finger in the pie. Africa is the cross road where all peoples of the earth meet. It must be made an international question and subject to some complete international control. The solution might present much difficulty but it must be solved. A humorist once described a lady with odd socks as an odd fellow. The African problem too stands out as the odd fellow

of our present international issues. In a recent Peace Note Germany suggested that England should buy the colony which she has won, and devote the proceeds towards restoring Belgium. This was quite an ingenious proposal! England has the key to the African colonies. Let her keep her spoils and let Germany, like all other nations, have her interests in the pooled control of Africa. Do the Allies agree to this? Do the Allies agree to the democratic principle of self-determination? Why then exclude Ireland and India? Do the Allies agree to smash the Ottoman Empire? America, halting dead upon a matter of principle, broke into open revolution and proclaimed her independence, before she was subject to the fate with which she was menaced. An English member once declared in the British House of Commons "that the Parliament of England had a right to tax Ireland in all cases as well as America." America has denied that Right and so does Ireland. Between Poland and Ireland there is an identity of grievance and identity of resistance against two Empires—Russia and England—who have denied their own protestations of "Self-determination," and "no government except by the consent of the governed." In both cases there has been violent aggression, in both cases the right assumed to dictate legislation, in both cases there was taxation without representation, in both cases the people flew into arms. Poland seems to have won the day and Ireland has not



finished the race though she is near the goal. Young Russia, like America, takes her place among the free nations of the earth. Poland follows closely behind. Ireland now looks to America in the struggle for her Liberty. She has done trading with British statesmen—honourable by name and dishonourable by nature. She hopes, like Poland, to take her place in international politics as 'A nation once again.'

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LEADER'S FATE.

WHEN an artist has to reproduce a man who is speaking to a large assembly of people, he has to consider the subject matter of his discourse and to adapt his attitude to such a subject. If he means to persuade, the artist will have to show the speaker's gestures. If the speaker is in the act of explaining, the artist will put two fingers of the right hand within one of the left, having the other two bent close. The speaker's face must be turned towards the audience, with his mouth half-open—seeming to speak. If the speaker is sitting, the artist must depict him as going to get up and with head forward. If the speaker is represented as standing—his chest must be bent and his head towards the people. At the same time the auditory must appear silent and attentive, with their eyes upon the speaker, and in the act of admiration. There should be some old men with their mouths closely shut—in token of approbation, and their lips pressed together, so as to form wrinkles at the corner of the mouth and about the cheeks, and forming others about the forehead, by raising the eyebrows as if

struck with astonishment. Some others of them sitting by should be seated with their hands within each other, round one of their knees; some, with one knee upon the other, and upon that, one hand receiving the elbow, the other supporting the chin, covered with a venerable beard.

When the Emperor Vespasian was sick with a disease whereof he died, he still attended to the empire's business. "An Emperor should die standing by his desk," he said. And the artist should be true to life or lay aside his claims to artistic excellence. This is the teaching of Leonardo da Vinci and his confreres. An imaginary John Redmond in art would be an insult to the Irish people, a thwarting of Democracy. No imitation tool of an artist's conception, but the tool God and Redmond made—Redmond's self—must be shown. His eyes and mouth and pronounced leonine jaw carry a message, but the rest must not be passed over carelessly. To most, the life-mask is a dead thing; to the artist, life's architecture. The future ages have this life-mask of Redmond to fathom, to interpret, to translate. Art is science that bridges between nature and man. History is a record of facts, but art is the science to interpret living forms and hidden secrets of nature. Redmond's life-mask is one of the most wonderful faces left to us. As a study so unlike Parnell's and yet so similar to Napoleon's. Like the French despot and Ireland's "uncrowned king," he possessed a dominating will



together with a wonderful command of self and others. His powerful chin was flanked on either side by powerful construction reaching like steps of a pyramid from chin to ear, eye and brain, as if his forces took birth in thought within, conceived in architecture without, building to the furthestmost limits of his face, to the fruits of toil in his wondrous hands, hands hardened by the unselfish life spent in Ireland's cause.

In art there is imitation as well as reality. Nothing will be so sure but that the future will bring forth many who for a miserable pittance or for selfish ends, will push clay into the mould of Redmond's face and give it to one ready to open the eyes and stick on hair, smoothing the surfaces and calling out 'Behold Redmond' ! In America children mould such inartistic specimens of great men in their winter's snow. But they do not call them art ! For art's virtue is to reveal not to obscure. Art must show the feminine side of Redmond's as well as the man's. Beneath his left eye two mountains lie; from the valley between soft light flows a gentle stream; it bursts upon a circular muscular hill in form like a petrified tear through sadness and joy placed there. At least it was so in the last sad photo of the Irish Leader taken before death. In it he was revealed as the "broken-hearted" man of sixty. Not the virile young Parliamentarian who journeyed to Australia over a generation ago. A dark valley of shadows clouded his plump face. Red-

mond's face before death was the very triumph of God through man, and of man through God. The Olympian Zeus in its remoteness from the life of the people, the life that must be lived, is the antithesis of the man who gave his life for Ireland and broke his heart for Democracy.

Out of the study of Redmond's life-mask grew the entire poise of his figure. In his portrait he stands just as Ireland should stand, strong and kind, and yet conscious of his just cause. He was always conciliatory in so far as such conciliation was consonant with truth and justice. Towards the end he tired of British hypocrisy as Ireland does to-day. The old warning—let us be careful lest we lose the sympathy of British Democracy—could not signify as much to him in 1918 as it did in 1914. In Ireland to-day it means nothing. Christ healed ten lepers, and only one returned thanks—'where are the other nine?' He says? Redmond was solely responsible for abolishing the tyrannical Veto of the House of Lords and in supporting every large measure of democratic reform. Could he have lived till the third reading of the Irish Conscription Bill he would have asked—'where are the Liberals and Labourites'? Only one score and ten showed gratitude for his life's work for Democracy. Where were the other hundreds? Even Mr. Asquith—whom Ireland welcomed in 1914—told his party to remain neutral in that crisis. The man whom Ireland often saved refused in turn to save Ireland.

At least the opponents and supporters of the Bill were brave men. They voted! The most despicable citizen is he who has a vote and refuses to use it. Small wonder is it that Young Ireland says it is to Ireland, America, France, Germany, and Russia we must now appeal. The Allies have played too long and too lightly with our just cause. With all England's blatant hypocrisy she compares the mild treatment of Irish prisons with German dungeons. To-day Ireland has a chance of showing England to the world in her true colours. The Lord Mayor of Dublin has presented Ireland's case to America, and since America is the world's Leader of Democracy, the States will present our case to the world. He has had much to tell. What happened in ancient Rome is now taking place in England—moral degeneracy is accompanying material progress to the empire's grave.

Redmond's last photo stands for clearness, for knowledge, and for sorrow. Beside that of Tom Moore's, it is the difference between fancy and labour, and joy and sorrow. For with his keen powers of penetration, he seemed to see the last sorrowful journey of Erin along her *via dolorosa*. There was sorrow—deep sorrow—in his face together with wonderful mystery, the mystery of the spirit brought down and put to the service of men. It was the mystery which made him ask the question—"Is my life a failure after all?" It began with sorrow and now ends with a sorrow more terrible—the sorrow of



Saxon treachery and Celtic ingratitude. In his photo all self-consciousness is effaced, there is no lurking hint that the spirit behind and within was disturbed by the temple it dwelt in. All its lines lead away from self-centre. Yet though his face springs outward in every direction, there is feeling written in every wrinkle. There are millions of Saxons and Celts who do know of America and know its literature and may even have read Irvin Cobb and heard Raymond Hitchcock. There is even a small group in Ireland and England which accepts nothing which is not American. It is quite possible that the general impression of America prevalent in the South of Ireland, let us say, is no more wrong than the impression of Ireland obtained in the State of New Mexico. To the Mexican Ireland is something beyond his life; with its political upheavals and racial hate he has literally nothing in the world to do. There has never been any reason for him to understand. In his elementary geography he has read that 'the Irish are a religious and a humorous people, much given to fighting with England and sometimes with themselves.' The average Celt or Saxon knew just as little about John Redmond. After a debate in the House of Commons he moved quietly to his room. He impressed the onlooker as cold. Yet few Irish hearts felt Life's joys and sorrows so keenly and so quietly as John Redmond. A. C. Benson says: "The Intellectual atmosphere is a very difficult one to live

in. A man needs some very human trial of his own to keep him humble and sane." If the test of the age is publicity or to be a personage, the late Irish Leader cared but little for either. Wordsworth derived his inspirations from the solemn dignities of Nature. William Morris sought beauty in the most homely and simple things. But John Redmond sought happiness in his peaceful Irish home, by the side of his noble wife, whom he loved so tenderly and so truly.

Few knew him so long and during that period so intimately as T. P. O'Connor—another much-slandered Irishman by men and women who have very little conscience when it is a question of taking away a public man's character. He says:—

"Redmond was essentially a modest man. He often said in his speeches that nobody could be more conscious of his shortcomings than he himself; it was not a boast or a pretence, but a frank and honest self-revelation. Of that jealousy which so often corrodes the inner life of politicians he had not a particle; he encouraged every member of his party, and was the first and the heartiest in congratulating them on any success they achieved. Another of his special qualities was his absolute disinterestedness. He never had any money; he never seemed to think about money except that he was in money matters, as in all things careful, orderly and scrupulously delicate. Once a big bit of litigation in which he was employed was expected to last several days, and he had been

sent a considerable fee; the case collapsed in a few minutes; Redmond sent back the fee; the other counsel retained it. His wants were as modest as his purse. The little ruined police house he occupied on the hills of Wicklow cost him about seventy-five dollars a year for rent; in London he lived in a flat in a somewhat remote and, therefore cheap, part of Kensington; it was small and the old-fashioned building of which it formed a part had not an elevator, and his visitors had to climb a long and crooked staircase.

“He was singularly temperate in all his life; he ate simply; he never took any alcohol except a small allowance of wine or whiskey and soda at his two meals. His one weakness was an inordinate love of smoking; but the cigars were, I was told, always cheap and poor. He was strictly neat and orderly. All his papers he kept himself in apple-pie order; he made immediate memoranda of all important conversations or events in which he was engaged; and he produced them if necessary years afterwards, all written in the neat, orderly, angular and very legible handwriting which was a plain symbol of the orderliness of his mind and of his life; perhaps also in its up and down rigidity, a symbol of a certain obstinacy and rigidity in his views that was often necessary, firmness and sometimes of a certain narrowness of outlook and now and then very pronounced obstinacy. The handwriting also revealed his great steadiness of



nerve; he was a very brave man; he was brave to the end, as was shown by the testimony of the doctors to the courage with which he faced what he knew to perhaps be a fatal operation.

“ In appearance he lent himself to the caricaturist with rich effect. Young and slight when he entered the House of Commons, he was then a singularly good-looking stripling. In time, and owing to the sedentary habits of the House of Commons life, he became portly, but the face always retained its fineness. The features were strongly marked, the nose large and well shaped, but with the aquiline hook of the Norman blood in his veins; the eyes were somewhat protuberant, the mouth was small and finely chiselled and the jaw strong. Constantly with the features exaggerated in the caricatures, he would appear as an Irish banshee, an Irish witch, or an Irishman with the traditional shillelagh and knee-breeches. Nobody could ever mistake his figure, however exaggerated, for that of anybody else.

“ During his leadership he grew every year, until in the end he succeeded those who had known him all his life, by his breadth, adroitness, grasp of situations; and, after all, he succeeded where all other Irish leaders had failed. After all the years of struggle he for the first time placed a Home Rule Act on the Statute Book. It is there, and no power that I can foresee, neither Orange fanaticism, nor

Nationalists, nor the blind obstinacy of Toryism can ever take it off.

“As for Redmond himself, the tears which fill the eyes of all those who knew, respected, and loved him, may partly be dried by the thought of all the terrific cyclones of poisoned calumny which assailed his later years, for ‘after his life’s fever, he sleeps well.’ He left his task unfinished, but he carried it far enough for others to bring it to its final consummation. He now belongs to history, and history will vindicate and justify his career, but it cannot add anything to his reputation as one of the most honourable, consistent, fearless and disinterested leaders that ever shaped the destinies of Ireland.”

Irishmen have extraordinary historical memories for the wrongs of the past; they nourish them tenderly. It is as if the people of the North of Ireland to-day, burned with a hatred of the Protestant Primate of Armagh, because in days of long ago his cathedral was snatched from its rightful owners. The Irish in America, especially those serving German propaganda, harp upon these grievances bitterly and refuse to see what has been done in the way of redressing wrongs in the past half-century under Mr. Redmond’s able leadership. They say nothing of the Land Purchase Act of sixteen years ago, whereby the Irish peasant of to-day is his own proprietor, a little experiment in philanthropy that has cost the English taxpayer one hundred million pounds, or other generous

and enlightened measures. One would be branded as a West Briton for arguing thus, but it is history. Granted England has acted tyrannically in withholding Home Rule and passing Conscription, still it is no less true that Mr. Redmond's work has changed the face of Ireland. Old men know that Ireland of fifty years ago and to-day are different countries.

America, knowing much of these reforms, was slow to endorse the views of the extreme Irish. She was equally quick in condemning Carsonism. "The moment you tell me that I am no longer to have the benefits of the Constitution, and that you are going to place me under a government I detest, then, I say my right to resistance is clear," said Carson on June 22nd, 1914. America might have rushed to the Allies help two years before she did, only for Carsonism. At least Arthur Pollen said in a recent issue of the *Daily Chronicle* :—

"The dispassionate judgment of America on the Irish Question—and the only opinion that matters is quite dispassionate—has been created, and is now fed by the judgment and comments on affairs not of Sinn Fein sympathisers, but of those innumerable men of high position, remarkable prosperity, of exceptional professional success, whose quite sane and soberly expressed advocacy of Home Rule has brought the entire judgment of America round to the Nationalist view. The following notes of a conversation with a man of very high



position in New York, a Republican in politics, a Presbyterian in faith, and a Scotchman by descent, seemed to me a remarkable evidence of my contention. I have asked him if he would give me what he believed to be the essence of the general American opinion as to the Irish issue. These are my notes of what he said :—‘ We are bewildered by the fact that England, the author and protagonist of political liberty, seems unable to apply the master doctrine of its creed to the Irish trouble. The thing has gone on so long that the practical difficulties may seem insuperable. But the reason we think they should be applied—if necessary by force—is just this. I am not a Catholic, and have no Catholic sympathies. All my theological prepossessions are intensely anti-Catholic, and so are those of the great majority of my countrymen. But we cannot stand for religious bigotry being recognised as a political force, and we believe that it is nothing but religious bigotry that makes the Ulsterman decline to accept other Irishmen as his equals, nothing but British sympathy with this bigotry that allows Ulster to assume this irreconcilable attitude. It is right I should tell you this also. This country was forced into neutrality by the natural prejudice against entangling itself in European quarrels. But when our ships were sunk and Americans were killed we all recognized that it had become our quarrel, and still we kept neutral. Englishmen sometimes suggest that the German element made war impossible by

threatening us with a disunited nation. The Germans had nothing to do with it. When we went to war they did nothing. We were kept neutral because of the political power of the Irish, and the Irish kept us out of the war because the Home Rule quarrel prevented co-operation with Great Britain. I do not know what England, Europe or we have lost by this nation having kept out of the fight for these two years. Whatever it is, it is the cost the world has paid for England's surrender to Ulster's hatred of Catholics. You may think it worth the price. But those who, like me, look at the thing as the cost of bigotry, are not likely to agree. I do not know how highly Great Britain values the real and solid friendship of America. You will never get it until Ireland is treated as you treated South Africa. There is no solution but free Democracy and equality for all."

Americans had not forgotten that incident of the early summer of 1914 when certain British regiments were instructed to hold themselves in readiness to enforce the Home Rule Act on Ulster. To them England's duty to enforce Home Rule on that section of the community which refused all reasonable guarantees, was evident. When they heard of General Gough's threat to resign rather than fight against his own kin, they said, "traitors should be dealt with severely." The coteries (insignificant as they are) of Gough's admirers in America delved into the past and cited an American precedent. They

pointed out that in 1776, when the British Army was mobilised against the American colonies, a number of British officers resigned their commissions too (and incidentally sacrificed their careers, which did not happen in the case of the Curragh rebels) rather than fight against their own flesh and blood across the sea. To-day all Ireland has followed Carson. Ireland has answered England's threat of Conscription by declaring a general strike. And there is every reason to believe that in future years, St. George's Day of 1918 will be chronicled in history as, not only the second anniversary of the modern Irish rebellion, but as the day which commemorates the regeneration and reunion of the Irish people. The historian will say too that it was by no action of theirs that thousands of men took to the hills to survey probable battlefields, and everyone of them prepared to face death on the field and scaffold. They were not doing it for gold or silver, but for the glorious wish of every true Celt—the Freedom of Ireland. With the hero in *The Graves of Kilmorna* they say:—"I am luckier than Sarsfield. This blood will be for Ireland. Ireland has tired of British stupidity. She will have no more of the "wait and see" policy. For we are the only race under heaven that have never known British clemency. The French in the Channel Islands—small as they are—rule themselves under England. The Dutch in South Africa have a similar privilege. Even the Indian aristocracy have large sway in their



own country. The Irishman can rule other lands, but his own must be kept in bondage. Ireland on April 23rd, 1918, has given her final answer—"Non serviam." England may forget the Curragh rising, but she will never forget that memorable day when the Irish, bishops and priests, doctors and lawyers, Lord Mayors and Sheriffs, artisans and labourers, old ladies and young, all creeds and classes, rose as one man against a tyrant which bound Ireland in chains for well nigh eight centuries. That day from Donegal to Kerry, from Wicklow to Galway, Ireland raised her voice repeating this National Pledge, "DENYING THE RIGHT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO ENFORCE COMPULSORY SERVICE IN THIS COUNTRY, WE PLEDGE OURSELVES SOLEMNLY TO ONE ANOTHER TO RESIST CONSCRIPTION BY THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS AT OUR DISPOSAL."

Future historians will record that the decline of the British Empire dates from the Curragh incident. George Meredith says: "The reason why some people leave God who once cleaved to Him is because they have cleaved to Him in their weakness and not in their strength." England in a moment of political weakness sealed her own doom. She tolerated treason within her own empire and awarded its utterance. On September 22nd, 1912, speaking at Coleraine, Sir F. E. Smith says: "You may say to them what another small band of Puritans said to another tyranny centuries ago—'You may vote it so if you like, but there

is a small company of men here who will shed their blood before it can be so.' ” Six years have passed by, and this treason-bragger of 1912 is now England's Attorney-General. Lately he was sent to America on a British diplomatic mission, but on account of his unforgotten past was returned promptly and labelled —‘Not wanted.’ But before leaving New York, on hearing that Lord Reading was to proceed to the States, he cabled Premier Lloyd George as follows : “Settle the Irish Question before you send Reading.” At least Americans told Carson's brother traitor what they thought of his base political tactics. Chatham once said :—“If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never.” Were these words quoted for Sir Frederick Smith by Liberty-loving Americans, with the injunction so typically American, “Why don't ye English get out of Ireland altogether?” Mr. Balfour heard similar words even from the mitred heads of America. Of course, when T. P. O'Connor arrived in America, he could say—England is at last ready to settle the Irish question. The Convention will bring forth Colonial Home Rule. And so he pleaded for patience. In an interview given to the American Winston Churchill the interviewer says :—“The first question I asked O'Connor, of course, was about the prejudice of the Americans of Irish descent against England. ‘Indeed I do not blame Irish-Americans,’

he exclaimed. 'Didn't they learn to hate England at the apron strings of their mothers? And isn't it the England of the black '46 and '47 they have in their heads—not the England I know to-day? The old England is gone, never to come back, and, bless their hearts, they don't know it! Some of them are ready to murder me when I say it. The famine of '46 and '47 was an artificial famine, created by English law, aggravated by English administration . . . . . The dominant landlords, who belonged to the then English governing class and profited by the policy of that class, were responsible for the Irish famine. It was an artificial famine. For the land system of England was forced upon Ireland. Everything was sacrificed to pay the rent—the cow, the horse, the sheep, the pig; and all the Irishmen had to preserve life was the potato. When the blight came upon that, the people died. Broken in purse, in health and heart, they were evicted, driven out of the country by the bayonets of the British soldiers, packed into the 'coffin-ships.' At Groes Island, the quarantine station of Quebec, there are the graves of six thousand, and scattered all over Canada are the descendants with French names of seven hundred Irish children who had no memory of father or mother. I told the House of Commons of meeting, some seven years ago, in Grand Rapids a prosperous baker who said that his father and mother and three sisters started to America in a vessel carrying four hundred passengers. And when the



vessel arrived in New York three hundred of the four hundred, including his sisters, were dead. Do you wonder, with those memories, England is hated by my people here? How would they know, never having gone back there, that England is changed, that Ireland, thanks to England's having become a Democracy, thanks to the remarkable rebirth that has taken place in Ireland herself, is to-day a prosperous country? . . . . . One great Englishman, Gladstone, is more than any other responsible for the uplift of Ireland from the servile pauper state of the 'Forties to the prosperous independent land of peasant proprietors of to-day. Take the single fact: Since 1868 we have had Labour members in the House of Commons, and since 1906 a large and definite Labour Party there. Every one of the hundreds of Labour members returned to Parliament has been an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. You have heard, no doubt, of John Ward. He is the new type of man in Parliament, of the man who represents the self-conscious England of Democracy; a navvy he is, and he looks rather like one of your Americans, tall and lean with bristling moustache and soft sombrero. And when some of the officers in the Curragh Camp as much as say they will not obey orders and put down the Ulster rebellion, he stands up in the House of Commons and cries: 'The people of England will not be dictated to by soldiers and kings.' No more extraordinary demonstration was seen in the house for half a century

there was a thunderclap of cheers that lasted a full five minutes. That was the voice of the true England—not of the landlords and barons."

Mr. Balfour was told some very unsavoury truths in Washington. It was pointed out to him that America holds as a matter of common gratitude England owes Ireland the free gift of Irish liberty. Did not one hundred and thirty thousand Irishmen join voluntarily to fight for England in this great war before their own country enjoyed the simulacrum of liberty? Who did more for the Allies' cause than John Redmond and at a moment which was most vital to England's history? Ireland forgot the persecutions of centuries and England showed her gratitude by refusing Irish autonomy, by executing Irishmen without trial, and finally by killing John Redmond. Americans knew too what debt of gratitude they owed to Ireland. But British diplomats and Diehards resolved to deny that condition until they were forced to yield Ireland at the point of the sword. Americans were at least aware of the gallant part Irishmen have played in all their struggles, from the days when they rallied, heart and soul, around Washington, to this very day, when they do not hesitate to rally, at their beloved America's call, in defence of another government which in their hearts and souls they abhor. America, who had come to England's rescue in her hour of desperate need, felt it would be a mockery and a shame, if whilst waging a giant war in the name of Democracy and of the

rights of little peoples, she should leave Ireland a subject nation, governed by another nation she hates, and always will hate, until the heavy hand of its alien rule is lifted and Irish representatives record the will and enact the laws of the free people of Ireland. All these things were told Mr. Balfour and Sir Frederick Smith. The English public were kept in ignorance as usual and the parrot cry was sent out by Northcliffe: "We have won the Irish in America." Never was a more damaging and misleading statement printed by an unscrupulous Press Syndicate.

When Lord Mayor O'Neill's Mansion House Document arrived in Washington, it received that greeting which America has at all times accorded to Irish documents. Never before in Ireland's history throughout the ages did a descendant of the Kings of Ulster present Ireland's case with more authentic credentials to one of the world's great rulers. Archbishop Mannix, who has done a battalion's work for Ireland's cause in Australia, asks:—

"What are we fighting for? I know it will be said we are fighting to repel the oppression of Germany. Of course we are, and we are perfectly justified in doing so. The Allies are perfectly justified in repelling the aggression of Germany and the Central Empires. We are told, too, we are fighting for the rights of small nations. Of course we are. We are fighting for the small nations, and we have a perfect right to fight for them. We are anxious for justice for Belgium,



Serbia, Poland, and other small nations. We only regret that the love for small nations do not seem to cover Ireland. But the question of the hour is : Must we fight on until the Central Empires are crushed, or are we ready to make peace when it is perfectly plain that Germany cannot succeed in doing what she set out to do? Are we to have peace when Germany has failed in the field, and when the small nations are vindicated, and when justice is secured for them, or is there something else for which we must fight on?"

Lord Mayor O'Neill asks President Wilson— 'What is America fighting for?' T. P. O'Connor on one side, and Dr. McCartan on the other may have unintentionally misrepresented Ireland's case. The first citizen of Ireland has not, since he is a national representative of the Irish people. He will speak for Dillon and Valera, for O'Brien and Healy.

Even that Parliamentary Party, which was accused by its enemies of being pro-British, issued this statement on April 20th, 1918: "THAT IN THE PRESENT CRISIS, WE ARE OF OPINION THAT THE HIGHEST AND MOST IMMEDIATE DUTY OF THE MEMBERS OF THIS PARTY IS TO REMAIN IN IRELAND, AND ACTIVELY CO-OPERATE WITH THEIR CONSTITUENTS IN OPPOSING THE ENFORCEMENT OF COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE IN IRELAND. That the enforcement of compulsory military service on a nation without its assent constitutes one of the most brutal acts of tyranny and oppression that any Government can be guilty of. THAT THE PRESENT PROPOSAL

OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S GOVERNMENT TO ENFORCE CONSCRIPTION IN IRELAND IS AN OUTRAGE AND A GROSS VIOLATION OF THE NATIONAL RIGHT OF IRELAND. That the history of the relations between the two countries, the ruin and decay in population from which Ireland has suffered under the domination of English Governments, and the manner in which Ireland's generous offer at the outbreak of this war was treated by the British Government and the British War Office cruelly intensifies the shameful character of the present proposal, and that WE FLEDGE OURSELVES TO USE ALL THE INFLUENCE AND POWER OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION TO DEFEAT ANY ATTEMPT TO ENFORCE CONSCRIPTION IN THIS COUNTRY, AND TO CARRY OUT THE DECISIONS OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE."

The workers of Ireland, including the amalgamated societies of Belfast, adopted a resolution on the same day which reads :—" That this convention of the Irish labour movement representing all sections and provinces of Ireland, pledge ourselves and those whom we represent that we will not have Conscription; that we shall resist it in every way that to us seems feasible; that we claim the right of liberty to decide as units for ourselves, and as a nation for itself; that we place before our brothers in the labour movement all the world over our claim for independent status as a nation in the international movement, and the right of self-determination as a nation as to what action or actions our people should take on questions

of political or economic issues. That in view of the great claims on the resources of the National Executive of the Irish Trades' Union Congress and Labour Party, we hereby call upon the bodies represented here to forward subscriptions for the purpose of enabling them to carry out their campaign against Conscription and pledge ourselves to make it a success. That this Convention calls upon the workers of Ireland to abstain from work on Tuesday next, April 23rd (1st) as a demonstration of fealty to the cause of labour in Ireland; (2nd) as a sign of their resolve to resist the application of the Conscription Act; and (3rd) for the purpose of enabling every man and woman to sign the pledge of resistance against Conscription. Believing that our success in resisting the imposition of Conscription will be a signal to the workers of all countries, we call upon all lovers of Liberty everywhere to give assistance in this impending struggle."

Ireland's enemies have tried to misrepresent Ireland's resistance to Conscription as a declaration of an alliance with Germany. No sensible people on either side of the Atlantic were disturbed by such malicious attempts to injure our cause. The only power on earth which can conscript the Irish people is an Irish Parliament. The Irish people have not such an assembly and consequently cannot be conscripted. That is our position in a nutshell. In the words of the Irish hierarchy, England's claim to con-



script Ireland is "unwarrantable, and we Irishmen will resist it with every means in our power subject to the law of God." The *Freeman's Journal* editorial sets our case out most clearly when it says :—"Those who taunt Ireland with refusing assistance in the fight against the Hun are fully assured by the reply that the Hun is at our gates and within them, and that the nation is concentrating for the struggle. It is no longer true, as it was when Mr. Redmond spoke the words, that the fight for Irish Freedom is in Flanders. There is a fight still in Flanders. But the Hun is confined, as we have discovered to our infinite pain, to no one nation. The Hun is a moral type, not a racial one, and while our boys were dying against him in battle on the Somme, he has suddenly appeared in our midst. If any of our American friends do not understand this let them read the *English Spectator*. When they have digested that gospel they will be the first to recognise that the Irish Brigade is still in the fighting line for Civilisation."

England's latest immoral law against Ireland brings bitter denunciation from the *Labour Herald* of England, which adds :—"Surely no one in this country in history before has displayed such mingled truculence and irresponsibility as Mr. Lloyd George. He knows that Ireland will not have Conscription; he knows what horrors, what unspeakable horrors, of revolt and suppression the attempt to impose Conscription on Ireland must evoke. What is he playing

at? It is not only that Ireland will resist Conscription, it is also that the moral consciousness of both England and America will be outraged. Thousands of men who would be willing to acquiesce in Conscription in England so long as any pretence was left that this was really a war for the liberty of small nations, will not acquiesce in being forced to take up arms when those arms may be turned against a small nation, and used to suppress every principle for which this country first took up arms. The loss of morale, the loss of confidence, the loss of prestige, the loss of life, that are involved—have Mr. Lloyd George and his Prussianising colleagues no thought for these? Or for anything? They are risking the loss of everything.”

The “Lose-the-war-Premier” himself after he had most paganly resented the consideration of peace, in his lucid interval, said :—“The British people have never aimed at the break up of the German peoples or the disintegration of their state or country. Germany has occupied a great position in the world. It is not our wish or intention to question or destroy that position for the future, but rather to turn her aside from the hopes and schemes of military domination. . . . Nor are we fighting to destroy Austria-Hungary or to deprive Turkey of its capital or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are pre-eminently Turkish in race. Nor did we enter this war merely to alter or destroy the Imperial Constitu-

tion of Germany . . . . . after all, that is a question for the German people to decide."

Certainly this statement was not consistent with what England said in 1914. But where is the use of talking of consistency when dealing with British politics? There is neither conscience nor morality in England's relation to Ireland. We have had too much brutal cynicism on the one hand and facile compromise on the other. England sent Redmond to Ireland with an 'olive branch' after the Dublin rebellion. At much personal sacrifice Nationalist Ulster decided to accept a settlement. When Redmond returned to London the Cabinet even broke that pledge. Failure seems to be the only reward that ever follows in the track of those who want to serve Ireland. Away in Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier speaking on Mr. Redmond, said :—" The one way to keep our country on the right level is to make a firm resolution that it shall be Canada first, Canada last, Canada all the time. Mr. John Redmond died broken-hearted. He followed in the footsteps of O'Connell and Parnell, and even succeeded, in 1914, in having placed on the Statute Books of Great Britain the law for which O'Connell and Parnell had striven. Why was it not put into effect? Because some men under the guise of loyalty promised to bring on civil war. . . . . I speak of John Redmond and the Irish Question because it is a lesson for us in this country. The Canadian Confederation is not on trial. It is



stable, and will last. There may be a cloud, and there may be a reverse, but the light of Freedom is always there, and will prevail in the end. Canada is a difficult country to govern. . . . . I am an old man, but through my ministry I always endeavoured to keep Canada together, and make it a united people."

Is it any wonder Young Ireland tired of England's hypocrisy? "Mr. Redmond was too gentlemanly for British hypocrites," said an archbishop to me in America last June. Alas, it was only too true! To-day Ireland asks—why should we Celts go hat in hand to the Saxon begging for that which by Divine and civil law is ours? Five battalions of young Irishmen in Ireland may not count much beside the myriads of soldiers in the different theatres of war to-day. Yet they can fight on Irish soil for Irish Liberty. And when we are beaten on the Irish field of battle we are ready to do the next best thing—to suffer for Ireland. Will England wake up to the fact that she cannot govern Ireland when she sees fine young fellows who are prepared to go and die in dungeons rather than ever go hat in hand to her again—asking for a nation's God-given right—to rule itself? Canon Sheehan, with that prophetic view of the future of Ireland which was so especially his, speaks through a hero these words: "The blood of the patriot is the sacred seed from which alone can spring new forces, and fresh life into a nation that is drifting into the putrescence of decay.

And if I needed proof of this I have it at hand in the example of the brave man who died in my arms; a poor, half-blinded humble schoolmaster hardly known in the place where he taught and laboured, gave his life for his country. His remains had royal obsequies, and the very men who had polluted their hands with bribes, and who dragged the triumphant chariot of the Solicitor-General through their town, raised the coffin of the dead patriot on their shoulders, and bore him amidst the sobs and weeping of thousands of men, and women, to his last honourable place in the very town where his name was hardly known. And in years to come, Irishmen will travel across the seas to see the spot where he died, to pluck a shamrock that may have sprung from his blood, to cut a relic from the tree beneath which he fell. That is his justification, if justification were needed—the verdict of his race, which has transformed a humble but noble soul into a hero, which has transformed itself under the magic of such an example from a race of time-serving, self-seeking sycophants into a nation of unselfish and self-sacrificing patriots."

The author of *The Graves of Kilmorna* might have written these words to-day had he lived. And the hero who was accorded 'a royal funeral' might be Thomas Ashe. The passage depicts very faithfully the feeling in Ireland of to-day. "I want you to subscribe to the Freedom of Ireland Fund," said ex-Congressman William Ryan of Buffalo to a wealthy

Buffalonian who was slightly deaf. "What, said the wealthy Buffalonian, isn't Ireland free yet? Why, I have given eighty times already." And yet after Parnell's and Redmond's well-spent lives, Ireland remains the worst-governed country on God's earth. We have three times as many police in Ireland as in Scotland. Yet Ireland is a most crimeless country. No taxation without representation was a principle of Stuart Mills. Within a comparatively few years Ireland's taxation has gone up in the ratio of one to six. Is it any great wonder that even in faraway Russia, England should hear the cry: "What of Ireland?" Trotsky, who filled the office of the "People's Commissioner for Foreign Affairs" in Russia, said recently: "If we were really logical we would declare war on England now for the sake of India, Egypt, and Ireland." When told that England made nothing out of India he added: "Then give up being so altruistic. You, English, are the most Chauvinistic nation on earth without knowing it." It is said of Mr. Lloyd George, while not having very distinct prejudices in fiction, he is most partial to historical novels; because the historical novel is an attempt to interpret in dramatic and picturesque form the psychology of famous historical personages. The Premier of England evidently is deeply interested in psychology. And he has his favourite historical figures. He is most keenly interested in the character of Robespierre, whose motives and emotions he is never tired of study-



ing. Being dramatic himself, Mr. George is fascinated by the vividly dramatic career of the great revolutionary. Everything appertaining to the French Revolution is of outstanding interest to him as are all historical periods that bear witness to the struggle for freedom of the common people. Ireland, again, is the one great exception. The French Revolution principles of Liberty, Equality, and Justice may be applied everywhere and anywhere save to Ireland.

From Australia to Ireland, and from America to India, all lovers of liberty are tired of England's stupid Irish policy. The day of winning Ireland is almost gone. From the Antipodes comes the voice of Archbishop Mannix, who says: "Men and women of Australia and friends of Ireland everyone, we are here for a double purpose. First of all, we are here to vindicate as Australians the right of free speech . . . . We are here for another purpose, to stand behind the cause of Ireland. Yes, it is sympathy with Ireland that has brought over a hundred thousand Australians to this meeting to-night. We have been over and over again, in this war, called upon to rush to the small nations, and I am not the one to object to that call, as long as it stops short of compulsion . . . . We have been asked—young men and even old men—to rush to Europe to avenge the wrongs of Belgium and other small nations, and the call has not gone unheeded. But there is a small nation whose wrongs are older. There is a nation whose scars are

deeper than Belgium's scars. Her daughters have been ill-treated and her shrines and churches have been laid in ruins—and not by Turks or Austrians or Germans. There is a nation which, we fear, may still remain in slavery when a Peace Conference has righted the wrongs of Belgium and of Poland, and that is the reason that we are here to-night. We are here for Ireland's sake. For, admittedly, the present condition of Ireland is a reproach and a standing disgrace to the whole British Empire, wherever it is to be found. . . . It has made England and the Empire, I might say, the laughing-stock of the nations; even the Russians themselves, on a notable occasion, were able to cast a stone at their British Allies. We are here, therefore, to stand by Ireland; but we can claim to be here also to try to wipe out the stain from the Empire, to which we Australians belong. Speaking of the British Empire, on which some of us are supposed to have no claim, General Butler used words which seemed to me very true and very significant. I came across them to-day, and I have written them down. He said:—'If it had not been for the blood and brain and brawn which Ireland had given to England, neither England nor her Empire would be what they are to-day. I doubt, indeed, if the Empire, as distinct from England, would have any existence at all.' Sir William then goes on to say, and we echo this, at all events: 'Ireland has

seldom been thanked for her work. . . . It is time for Ireland to think of giving service to herself.'

"Ireland stands as she has stood for many a day. The tragedy of Easter Week has not been all lost to Ireland. She lost some of her bravest, best, most brilliant sons; she has knelt over their graves, though their bodies are laid in prison yards. She has wept over the loss of the heroic dead, but, as she wept, a new soul has entered into her body. She stands erect, more self-reliant, more nation-like than before. She claims that the ashes of her brave sons should be given back to her. She claims that Ireland should not be thrown upon the dissecting table of the British Parliament; that the Dark Rosaleen of all the years should not be hacked and cut up into sections in order to please an unworthy and disloyal faction in the North of Ireland. Finally, she asks that when the Peace Conference assembles, she should be allowed, like the other small nations, if she has not been satisfied in the meantime, to plead her own case, and to provide for her own participation in benefits of the freedom and peace to come. These are the things which Ireland is looking for, and Ireland may rely on countless supporters not merely in Canada, South Africa, and the United States, but also in Australia, which has never yet failed Ireland in an hour of need."

John Butler Yeats maintains that Americans are too fond of looking for a moral where beauty is enough.



that they make too high a virtue of will-power, and that American women are temples carved out of blanc-mange. Ancient and modern critics have jibed and sneered at the Irish because the only Irishman they knew was that one which is so very untrue to real Irish life—the stage Irishman. Mrs. Humphrey Ward scarcely ever appeals to the crudities of passion, but the enemies of Ireland have carried on a hostile propaganda for centuries against our claim for freedom. They have used every means to further their interests. When a physical force threat would terrify a ridiculously weak Government, Carson, Smith, and their colleagues in treason, threatened to use arms and call upon the Kaiser to help them against the tyranny of the majority rule of the Irish people. When a man grumbles continually in the States, the loyal Americans say: "Get out of the country if you don't like it. Don't bite the hand that is feeding you." If anti-Home Rulers at this stage of the world's history believe that the Nationalist Irishman is a persecutor and intolerant bigot, frankly, they have not read the history of the Celt at home and abroad. Their ignorance is no excuse for any Nationalist cry:—"Trust us and we will give you excellent guarantees." These same anti-Home Rulers have been in collusion with the English Government so long that Ireland to-day sees but very little difference between Prussianism in Berlin and in London. George III. is described by historians as a prince whose character is thus marked

by every act which may define a tyrant, as unfit to be the ruler of a free people. England has played the rôle of George III. well for over seven hundred years. She has become such an adept at it that she can play no other part now. "Either the best is yet to be, or the sooner we all blow one another off the earth the better," says Shaw. Ireland has decided that the worst has happened and the best is yet to be for her. To-day her cause stands before the world more prominently than ever before. A few British Colonies, America, and France only heard her plea for Freedom hitherto. Now the world is interested in it because of its justice and antiquity.

Bishop O'Dwyer once said :—"An Empire in any true sense consists of a number of kingdoms, each of which is a unit, self-contained and self-governed, but all of which come together for their mutual support and benefit. But that is not the case as between England and Ireland. We have been deprived of all the attributes of a kingdom. We are a subject province. We are like Egypt, governed by English satraps of an inferior kind, but in no sense are we constituents of the British Empire. Canada and Australia are parts of the Empire, but we are not, for we are ruled, not by ourselves, but by some English barrister from Bristol or Manchester, or some Jew from Shore-ditch. This is our share in the Empire, and I for one avow that it does not fire my enthusiasm for the Union Jack. Ireland is a nation, and never will be at rest

until the centre of gravity is within herself. Clever and plausible English ministers may do a great deal by way of corruption; they may buy the National Press; they may mislead the members of Parliament; they may demoralise individuals and even large classes by an insidious system of bribery, but in my humble judgment there is deep down in the heart of Ireland the sacred fire of Nationality which such influences can never reach, much less extinguish, and which will yet burn upon the altar of freedom. They may think that prosperity will wean our people from the old cause; that education will turn their thoughts into other channels. It is the flattering unction which tyrants are always laying to their souls, but the history of the world is against them. Ireland will never be content as a province. God has made her a nation, and while grass grows and water runs there will be men in Ireland."

Often duty wears a look of death, but brave men, zealous souls, do not shun it for that reason. They obey the call when it comes, though it sounds like a funeral knell. So it was with John Redmond. For more than a quarter of a century he fought for Home Rule and for Ireland, and for the most part of that time he was the recognised leader of Ireland's struggle for Liberty. No Parliamentarian was ever so devoted to duty. His fights in the House of Commons earned for him the soubriquet of the "stormy petrel of the House." His eloquence and grasp of Parliamentary



procedure won him early recognition in Parliament. T. P. O'Connor says :—" In the days of the Rebellion there was built on the top of one of the mountains of Wicklow a small police barracks to watch and to shoot the rebels. It stands, still remote as ever, seven miles away from the nearest postal village; unlike its old self, it now consists of a small centre of the house; the two ends are just rooms, with the walls gone, the roof gone, looking up to the sky from its ghastly barrenness. It was here that Parnell found a home for a few weeks' shooting in the autumn; it was there that Redmond followed him as tenant. The house is, with its central court and its ruined gable ends, a symbol of the lives of the two men with their central glory for a few years and then the end—disaster, gloom, ruin. The legend is that it was at a hurried and secret conversation in Euston Station, London, in the night, that Mr. Healy arranged the final terms of peace which brought the Parnell Split of ten years to an end, and put Mr. Redmond in the chair for the reunited party. . . . Never did a man begin an apparently more hopeless enterprise. The Parnellites, of whom he had been the leader for nearly ten years, numbered only nine; his political opponents in the new party numbered close upon seventy, and most of them bore them no love. He and they had said bitter things and done bitter things to each other in the frenzied passion of the civil war which had waged over Parnell living, and still more furiously over Parnell

dead; and the Irish people divided similarly, and perhaps even in fiercer passion, offered but poor material for a re-united nation along the same road to the same goal. Mr. Redmond was, indeed, on scarcely speaking terms with many of his new colleagues for some months after his election to the chair. And even his election was resented by a considerable section.

“The truth was that after a few years Redmond had won his way to the respect of all and to the affection of his colleagues. This was due first to the sense that he was an Irish gentleman in the very best sense of the word. His good faith was inflexible. Whatever he promised to do he did. He was perfectly incapable of a shabby word or a shabby deed; he stood by his colleagues through thick and thin, through evil as through bad fortune. He was accessible to all. His room in the basement of the big House of Commons building was scarcely ever without the presence of one of his followers, seeking advice or comfort—in short he was a leader whom everybody could ever and always trust. He in time produced the same impression on all his colleagues in the House of Commons. Even the Orangemen, who had opposed his policy so bitterly, never said anything disrespectful of him as a man, and especially since the war, and his consistent support of it, the respect of Englishmen in the House of Commons and throughout the whole British Empire amounted almost to devotion. I was once called in by a great English official when

things did not seem to be going right. He startled me by saying that the one solution for the difficulties—parliamentary, political, and military—was the appointment of Mr. Redmond as British Prime Minister."

These remarks are but frail memorials of a great man, who flourished in the days of the greatest war in history, but who, alas, moulders now in that tomb towards which future generations will sadly and irresistibly hasten. As the lover of Liberty gazes on that darkened chamber he will lose himself in melancholy musings. The shadowy image around him of Ireland's dead chief will almost seem to steal once more into existence. His countenance will seem to assume the animation of life. His eyes will seem to be fixed on his beloved Erin. When in ages to come Ireland will have taken her place amongst the greatest nations of the earth the sea-divided Gaels will say:—"To Redmond especially let honour be given, and let us not forget the dead who died for Ireland."

His biographers will narrate at length on his several qualities as an European statesman. They will speak of his sense of humour. For anecdotes of his interesting career would fill a volume. When he was offered a seat in the British Cabinet of 1914—which he declined—the messenger, a young English officer, lost his way and did not reach John Redmond's country home until two o'clock in the morning. After long



ringing of the bell the aged cook came to the door. She looked out, saw the young officer, accompanied by a policeman (who was showing him the way) and was told that they "had come from Dublin Castle and wanted Mr. Redmond." That was enough. The old cook slammed the door in their faces. It was not until a friend of Mr. Redmond's interceded that access was obtained, and then it was three o'clock in the morning. Again when Mr. Redmond went to the war zone in November, 1915, he paid a visit to King Albert of Belgium as a "prisoner." The sentry at the Belgian boundary line asserted that the papers of the Redmond party were not regular and refused to pass them. Then Mr. Redmond told the sentry to "arrest" him and thus he was taken to headquarters.

Many were the expressions of sympathy which came from all corners of the earth on the death of Mr. Redmond. The President of the Irish Fellowship Club in Chicago, said :—"No Irishman could fail to give full recognition to John Redmond for the wonderful work he has accomplished. The Irishman who is unwilling to give him his just due is not worthy of the name. His death is a great loss to the United Kingdom; yes, to the whole world, and, most of all, to Ireland." P. J. O'Keeffe, an attorney of note in Chicago and a friend since boyhood days of Mr. Redmond's, wrote : "It can be truthfully said

that John Redmond all his life was the centre around which beat a storm. At the outset of his career he had a struggle. He was a clerk in the same House of Commons wherein later he was destined to speak as the leader of the Irish people. The movement he gave his life to, Home Rule, was only attained to be dashed to the ground by the awful cataclysm of war." And the striking editorial in the *Irish Catholic* contained the following: "The passing away of the Irish Leader, just when hope was buoyed up by favourable medical reports, and at such a great crisis in the fortunes of his country and of humanity, justly evoked throughout the world the deepest sorrow. From all sections of society and political opinion expressions of grief were conveyed to his family. Great personages in Church and State sent messages of condolence and sympathy. Personal grief was associated with fine tributes to his life work and political achievements. The entire attitude of the country indicated a sense of national loss. To this was added in the circles associated with his political life a sense of personal grief that did honour alike to the living and the dead. His funeral was shorn of many of the marks of a great national demonstration, and can scarcely be considered an adequate sequel to a life given to the service of Ireland. Nevertheless the quality of those who accompanied him to his last resting-place in the family tomb in Wexford indicated the width and

depth of the appeal his career makes to the Ireland of to-day.

“ Mr. Redmond was a great Parliamentarian, one of the few orators of our time, a strenuous worker in every Irish cause. He preserved the dignity of an Irish gentleman in every juncture of his public life. He served her faithfully according to his lights, and to the end. He accomplished much. If he left his task unfinished, this is a tragedy of all those who have served Ireland in the past. Mr. Redmond was in private life a model for our public men. By family tradition, by education, by every tie of race and personal choice, he was, in the fullest sense of the words, an Irish Catholic. An authoritative voice spoke over his bier in Westminster a few fine phrases of gratitude for the service he had rendered to Catholic causes. We cherish this testimony to the faith of the dead Leader. It was a noble tribute to one who was, in the measure of his office and position, the faithful champion of his ancestral faith. We do not believe that Mr. Redmond's life has been in vain. He leaves Ireland stronger, happier than he found it. He kept alive the sacred flame of nationhood. He kept up the good fight to the end. He touched his goal more closely than any one of those who preceded him in Irish politics. He missed of victory; he played the game—others did not. His task is done. His work awaits the judgment of history. We have not always seen eye to eye with Mr. John Redmond. We the



more gladly render this last homage to his positive achievements."

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice — one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vapping, superficial pretender acquires the repute of a man of quick parts. By the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented by a discerning world with all the attributes of wisdom. Students of history, with all the taste and dispositions of enlightened *literati*, will see that the name of Redmond is held in reverence for neither of these reasons. From men of all classes and creeds have come, still are coming, and will continue to flow tributes to one and other of his triumphs. No one hated animosities more than he did. Would that he had lived to see his countrymen united! It was not to be. John Redmond had to die of a broken heart like O'Connell and Parnell. It is the fate of all leaders who try to serve Ireland.

There is a garden all must see,  
A garden of Gethsemane.  
All those who journey, soon or late,  
Must pass within that garden's gate;  
Must kneel alone in darkness there,  
And battle with some grim despair.

During the Civil War in America there came into being a song that came from the heart of the American people, in sore stress. It was entitled: "Abraham Lincoln, give us a Man." Lincoln heeded and made Grant the commander of the Union armies. The Irish people, split asunder with political discord over a quarter of a century ago, cried: "Give us a man." The cry was heeded, and John Redmond was chosen to be Ireland's guide and leader. The world knew him as a refined, courtly gentleman and magnanimous Christian. Few knew in what a rough school he learned to be gentle—through what cruel tortures he learned to be merciful.

Anybody stands by you when you are right; a friend stands by you even when you are wrong. The late Irish Leader's war policy was not wrong. Time has vindicated the position which he took at the commencement of the war. Every true Celt knows that as bad as the Saxon has been, the Teuton is no friend of Ireland. John Redmond knew that. His sympathies were pro-French. He needs no "Vindication"; he stood where Mitchel and the great revolutionaries of '98, '48, and '67 stood—by France. The new Ireland which has been formed will live as an everlasting monument of his great work for Ireland. And as the polished Greeks, even in defeat conquered their Roman conquerors by their refinement, so John Redmond conquered the world's sympathy on Ireland's behalf. His enemies

will yet learn that the name of Redmond and Wilson stand out in Ireland's struggle for Liberty, as two of the most stalwart defenders of Democracy.













